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THE STANDARD.

NEW YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

FIFTH ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

Reported by J. M. W. Yerrinton.

THE New York Anti-Slavery Society celebrated its Fifth Anniversary at Mozart Hall, in this city, on Wednesday evening, May 12th. The hall was completely filled, by a highly respectable and attentive audience.

In the absence of the President, the meeting was called to order by OLIVER JOHNSON, who announced that John W. Hutchinson and his wife had kindly volunteered to open the meeting with one of their freedom songs, which they did, calling forth most hearty applause.

REV. THOMAS W. HIGGINSON, of Worcester, Mass., was then introduced, and spoke as follows:

SPEECH OF REV. T. W. HIGGINSON.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I have seen to-day the most promising sign of the times, the most strikingly illustrative of the change that has been going on for a quarter of a century, that I have seen since the day when Senator Douglas made his effort to drop the "Arnold" from his name and come out an honest man (applause). I have read to-day a speech by Gen. James H. Lane, of Kansas, in behalf of black men (applause), advocating the same rights for black men that he has been fighting for years to secure for himself. Those who remember that, in the great contest over the Topeka Constitution, Gen. Lane was the representative of pro-slavery and negrophobia in Kansas will appreciate this testimony to the change of the times. I want, when the next edition is published of remarkable conversions and revival incidents, to have that fact put in (laughter and applause). When I knew Gen. Lane, a year and a half ago, he was only on the "anxious seat." He said Missouri had put into him every drop of abolition blood in his veins; but there was not much there even then. The thing that seemed to bring it to a crisis was a little incident of which I was cognizant. A year ago last autumn there came riding into Nebraska City a rabble rout of wild horsemen, with Lane himself at their head, the wildest and raggedest among them. The day before they came in, they saw in the long prairie grass, as they approached Nebraska City, some moving, dark object, which they took at first for a prairie hen. Up went the Sharp's rifles to let fly at it, but up came the prairie hen, and turned out to be a prairie man, a prairie black man, a prairie fugitive slave—for the underground railroad runs through the grassy regions out there. It was a serious question for these half converted lovers of freedom, "What shall we do with this inconvenient coloured gentleman who has forced himself upon our party?" Lane himself doubted for a moment. He had pledged himself, before that, in favor of black laws; he had spoken in favor of the Fugitive Slave law. Here was a fugitive slave: what should he do with him? He stood a moment undecided. His companions were divided—some would return him, some would save him. "What shall we do with him, boys?" said Jim Lane, at last. The "boys" hesitated. "What shall we do with him, Lieutenant?"—turning to a man whom, as he happened to be the only man in the party who owned a uniform, they had made lieutenant—"what shall we do with him?" "Let him slide," said the Lieutenant, and "slide" it was; and Jim Lane has slid faster than the fugitive did, and is an Abolitionist to-day (applause).

Now, the value of this change in Lane is nothing, except as it illustrates the greater change in the community, which is dragging us on from mere Kansas men into Abolitionists. How strange it must be in these days, when it is unfashionable not to claim to be anti-slavery somehow—how strange it must be for you, Mr. Chairman, for you, Mr. Garrison, still stranger, to look back on the times when the word "anti-slavery" aroused hostility and prejudice, as much as the word "Abolitionist" does now! Looking back upon that period of absolute refrigeration in the community, this present time must seem spring at least, or summer, or almost harvest time. I take it, sir, when you (turning to Mr. Garrison) began this enterprise, it was a good deal like a planting season up in Vermont, which I heard described the other day In that very cold year which they all look back to, some traveller was passing along the road and saw a man up among those Vermont mountains; it was the middle of a June day, and the farmer was planting potatoes with his overcoat on. Towards evening the traveller passed along by the same place, and the man was still busy. "What are you doing?" he inquired. "Digging up the potatoes," said he—"afraid to leave them out over night, for fear of the frost." I suppose, when Benjamin Lundy planted his *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, he dreaded to leave it out over night, for fear of frost, and perhaps frost killed it—something or other did, I know not what; but *The Liberator* came, and planted its seeds below all possible frosts, and we are having the blossoming, if not the harvest, now.

I see in these days the result of all the labor that has been devoted to this cause, and this leads me to use my few moments in speaking of the aspects of this time, and the changes which it promises. We see, in the gradual change in the tone of all the presses, not merely a conversion, but a current. A conversion may take a man and carry him a step further and leave him there; a current does not make steps, it makes progress. I suppose that those who to-day preach anti-slavery according to the Republican gospel do not imagine that they are preaching (as they are) a severer anti-slavery gospel than many of our first anti-slavery preachers were accustomed to preach. The reason is that the defence of the rights of white men, coming first, has taken them on to consistency, inch by inch; and now that many think that the rights of white men are secured, now that many, following Senator Seward, believe that the cause is settled, the tide turned, Kansas secure, the future secure, so far as white men are concerned, they find, to their surprise, that a new sympathy for the black man has come up, and that their demands for freedom are not demands that will be so easily granted. Step by step it has gone on. First, in Kansas, the preliminary question was to be settled, "Is the white man, in this Territory or in the free States, free?" Even that question is not settled yet; but when it is settled, how little is established! Next comes the question, "Is the black man, in the free States, free?" Our friend McKim seemed to think, this morning, that he was free in Pennsylvania, at least. If he is free in Pennsylvania, he is free everywhere, for pro-slavery will die harder there, I suppose, than in any other part of the country north of Mason and Dixon's line. If he is free in Pennsylvania from the Fugitive Slave law, from whence, if I remember rightly, the last fugitive slave was sent back, without a finger being lifted in his defence, he is free everywhere else. I do not think he is, for I do not see, in this temporary cessation of fugitive slave cases, the proof of permanent victory. But suppose he is. Suppose Kansas free, and suppose the Fugitive Slave law annihilated—what then? We have then merely cleared the way, we have merely solved the elementary problem, we have merely taken our first easy lesson in the alphabet of freedom; for, when all these early and disturbing, intermediate and one-sided issues are disposed of, there yet remains the great, solid, substantial rock of Gibraltar behind—there remain all the obstacles which Garrison dreamed of when he began. Suppose your Kansas free, suppose your fugitives all safe, suppose even your border slave States free, and there remain those three million men, women and children without an outlet, without any process for their relief, without a home except on the plantation, without a prospect for the future, except for a handful of them, Liberia—a handful more, Canada. There is left behind, when you have settled the Kansas question and the Fugitive Slave law question, the whole slavery question yet to be dealt with; and when these earlier, these trifling political questions, which Republicanism meets and deals with as it can, are settled, there is left the whole problem of slavery behind. How is it to be settled? It is to be settled by us who have been trained in these preliminary questions; it is to be settled by men like Lane, who, beginning on the "anxious seat," have got a complete conversion; it is to be settled by those Republicans who, while you criticize, on this platform, their shortcomings, are yet to furnish the materials for the great anti-slavery work of the future. Out of these is to come, in their maturity, that strength which is not to content itself with resisting the extension of slavery, but has got, by-and-bye, to grapple with the original monster, and give an account of that (applause).

But these are not all; and I wish especialy to bear my testimony, to night, in favor of the work which is to be done by those who are not Republicans, because they are not voters—who are not with us here to protest against bondage, because they are in the midst of bondage—bondage North or bondage South. We white Anglo-Saxon Abolitionists are too apt to assume the whole work as ours, and to ignore the great force of the victims of tyranny, who, if they are ever to be free, "themselves must strike the blow." I do not know how it is with others, but for years I was disposed to think that salvation for the slave in this country was to be worked out not *by* him, but *for* him. My eyes have been opened, and I see it otherwise now. Never in history was there an oppressed people who were set free by others, and it will not begin here and now. I have wondered at the patience of the negro; I have wondered in times past, when I have been so weak-minded as to submit my chin to the razor of a colored brother, as his sharp steel grazed my skin, at the patience of the negro in shaving the white man for so many years, and yet keeping the razor on the outside of his throat; I have wondered, I say, at that, but I was foolish in making that a test of his courage. Thank God! assassination is not the highest test of courage; endurance until the time comes may be a higher. We thank the men of Kansas for the years they waited before offering open resistance to the Missourians—waited, in order that it might be shown that their cause was just before all the world. The time may come when, seeing the aroused strength of the African, we may at last give him credit for the prudence which has waited until these preliminary agitations had created the sympathy he needed for his support.

We speak as if the African were a weak, down-trodden, degraded being—and so, alas, he is!—our arguments would be useless if he were not. If slavery turned out a race of wise and saintly men, it would be as good an institution as Mr. Calhoun ever dreamed of. It is because the slave is degraded and made cowardly so often, it is because he shrinks before the shadow of the white man, that we protest against it, and seek to defend him. But behind all these years of shrinking, and these long years of cheerful submission, as behind the long frivolity of the French nation, there may lie a dagger, and a power to use it when the time comes. We see among us the African as he is crushed by social institutions, overwhelmed by ignorance, kept back and down by poverty; we do not look at his records; we do not see what he has been, and may be again. We speak of the American slave as if he was never to do anything for his own emancipation. We forget the heroes of St. Domingo. We forget the Maroons of Surinam, who, more than a century ago, established their freedom against their Dutch masters, and whom our scientific expedition, when it touched there last year, found free, the children occupying the mountains their fathers colonized, and beyond the possibility of future subjection. We forget the Maroons of Jamaica, whom all the powers, first of Spain and then of England, tried for a century and a half to conquer, and had to compromise with them at last. We forget that the American negro receives into his blood the blood of those heroic races, mingled with the blood of a race we think the strongest in the world. But, however it may be with those who only see the African in cities, those who have seen him, as our friend from Philadelphia described, on the underground railroad, in his dangers and in his struggles, those who have seen him in the Fugitive Slave cases, which he has carried on so nobly, know better than to bring against him the silly charge of timidity. I declare it, as my solemn conviction, from years of acquaintance with that underground railroad, years of intercourse with fugitive slaves, that if the truth could be fairly told to-day, we white Anglo-Saxons on this continent must yield the palm of native heroism to the negro (cheers). I tell you, that if you had seen and heard the things some of us have seen and heard, you would think so too. It is not alone in fugitive slave cases that instances of their courage are to be found, though, where resistance has been made, as in Boston, the highest courage has been shown by the negro, from the mob of anonymous black men who rescued Shadrach to the single black man who headed the forlorn hope in the rescue of Burns—from the beginning to the end of that tale of danger and difficulty the black man has borne his part nobly and well. So among the thousands of refugees in Canada, hear their simple story, talk with the men and women, learn what they have gone through in their efforts to escape, seven times repeated, more than once, and you will learn of courage which puts to shame the puny efforts of us who call ourselves men of courage here and now. There is not a great deed in history, there is not an act of self devotion, there is not an act of disinterestedness, there is not one single item in the long catalogue of self-consecration in the ages, which I cannot match with some act as heroic and noble, done by an African, black as the ace of spades (applause). Every one knows it. Where are the examples of such courage and devotion among the whites? Why, it is only a few months since the heir of Andrew Jackson came to New York, not to receive the freedom of the city in a gold box, as men received it in old times, but to give a gold box to a man of courage, if he could find such a man in New York worthy to receive it. The city government appointed their committee to receive the box; they ransacked the city, for I know not how long a time, in all those regions where captains and generals most do congregate; they cross-examined all of these for their evidence of courage, but, when the long investigation was ended, the heir of Gen. Andrew Jackson went back again to Tennessee with his gold box in his pocket—he could not, for aught I know, find a white man in New York or in the Atlantic States whom he thought worthy to receive it (applause and a few hisses). I live in the Atlantic States myself—do you think I wish to depreciate my own courage? When I speak of the Atlantic States, I speak of myself as well. I said he could not, for aught I know, find a man worthy to receive it; he did not go among the Abolitionists, or he could have found one (applause). I have no intention of throwing discredit upon any one concerned in that matter. There may have been brave men, there were brave men among those lieutenants and generals, there were brave men in the Mexican war—who doubts it? But I say of those men, as Sydney Smith said of a certain conscientious man in England, "I respect their motives, but I wonder at their existence." I say, there were brave men whom he might have chosen among us; but I tell you this—and I speak in this as an Anglo-Saxon—I tell you that, at that very moment, behind the chairs of those city officials and behind the chair of that Tennessee missionary of courage, there may have stood some swarthy, low-browed, sullen black man, whom they all despised with the hereditary hatred of the Anglo-Saxon, but who yet had given evidence of courage such as no war on earth ever gave opportunity to exhibit (applause); for whereas the representative of Andrew Jackson came into New York by the easy transit of the railroad, that Southern slave came—how? He came, perhaps, by night, among the forests, with the howling of the blood-hound behind him; he came in a ship, shut down in the stifling hold; he came floating out to sea, headed up in a hogshead; he came along the railroad in a box four feet square, turned upside down; he came clinging to the engine. Talk of courage among us! What demand have we upon us, to make us men of courage, like the demand upon the slave, when his own freedom and the freedom of his children are at stake? What on earth will a man fight for as he fights for liberty? Which of us has had liberty to fight for? It is the training, not the blood, which has made the African brave.

Again, you are to consider that while this change to which I have alluded has been going on among the white population at the North, a change equally marked has been going on in the black population of the South. The underground railroad has lodged tens of thousands in Canada. They have proved there the possibility of African civilization and African agriculture. They have learned their strength there. They have learned more than their own strength—they have had the appliances of civilization, they have had common schools, and Sharp's rifles, and the New York *Tribune*. Potent teachers they have had there, and they have profited by them.

Our friend [Mr. McKIM] said, to-day, that the underground railroad had only one track, and that its cars run only one way. He is mistaken. Year by year a new track is being laid, and the cars are running back again—cars that take these heroic self-emancipated fugitives more heroically back from Canada into the midst of slavery again, that they may bring out their children and their friends with them (applause). A constant communication is kept up between Canada and the slave States All fugitive slaves, somehow or other (I commend the fact to the notice of Mr. Buchanan that his postmasters may find out how it is done, if they can)—all fugitive slaves have communication with their friends at the South; their friends know where they are, and they know where their friends are, and, when the time comes, they meet in Canada. I think there is an underground telegraph as well as an underground railroad to Canada. The thing is done, but nobody knows how it is done.

Awhile ago, I stopped at the house of the noble Loguen, in Syracuse, the central agent of the underground railroad, who occupies the first station, the location of which is known to anybody. They all have a satisfactory location, but it is commonly in the dark. Everybody knows where he lives, and every fugitive slave goes there who escapes on that line. He keeps a record book of those who pass that way, and, looking over that book, I saw in those pages, which will one day be a greater contribution to American history than the seventh volume of Bancroft—I saw, I say, on those pages, one name repeated again, again, and again. "What," inquired I, "has that person had to escape from slavery so often? Could not she (for it was a woman's name) do it thoroughly the first time?" "No," I was answered, "she could not. "She came out of slavery herself years ago—that little quiet, elderly, coal-black woman; and year after year, month after month, she has gone, braver than Florence Nightingale, back into the midst of slavery again, to bring out some relative or friend (applause). Again and again she has done it. Among those slaves she is better known than the Bible, for she circulates more freely (loud applause). They stop the circulation of the Bible, but they cannot stop her. The colored people down South where she goes call her "Moses"—that is her name. She leads them out into the promised land, and, happier than the original Moses, she is permitted to go back again and again into Egypt, and lead her people again and again into freedom.

Now, I say, a race that has within its number one such woman as that has the right to hold up its head above the proudest Anglo-Saxon of us all, and say, "I, too, can protect myself." But the time must come first to do it. I know another instance of a woman, not black like that one, but white as the average of us here—so light that she passes for a white woman, and, when she went from Boston to Worcester, one of the most pro-slavery men in Worcester mistook her for a white lady, and gave her his hand to help her politely out of the cars. That woman came from her Southern home—and not in the Northern tier of slave States either—with her child, whiter than herself. She came openly on the railroad, dressed as a mourning widow. She was very disconsolate—quite inconsolable—she kept her veil down all the time (laughter). She found no difficulty on the way, except from excess of sympathy. Some of our benevolent Yankee women were a little *too* solicitous to find out exactly what ailed her poor deceased husband, and an enthusiastic Irish gentleman offered her his hand and heart, before she got to New York (laughter and applause). But she came to Worcester, and, for months after, that woman's thought by day and dream by night was—how she could go back again, by-and-bye, and bring her little sister, ten years old, and white as herself, out of the horrible doom to which she had herself been victimized. Talk to me about the courage of men! I do not claim much courage for man as compared with woman—no sensible man does (laughter). Give me anything more dangerous than a mouse or a cow, give me genuine danger, and I will back an average woman against the foremost man of all the world (applause). But these were women of a proscribed race, women born and bred in slavery, and this was their devotion to each other!

Do you think a race like that, gaining in knowledge, gaining in intercourse between Canada and the slave States, is going on forever to be held in slavery, except where a few, here and there, make their escape? I tell you, no. I tell you there is power enough in the black population of any slave State, except, perhaps, Missouri, if a leader like Toussaint L'Ouverture, a leader of natural military genius, should arise, to assert and maintain freedom for themselves, when they are trained a little further in the knowledge of what freedom is. Why, every anti-slavery word and deed here at the North reacts upon them. Do you think it was accident that the year of the last Presidential election was the year of the first slave insurrection for a long period? I tell you, no; it was no accident; it was cause and effect. What did those poor fellows in Tennessee say, in their anguish, as they stood and were whipped to death (so say the Southern papers), sooner than betray their fellows? what did they say to console themselves? "Fremont and his men hear every blow." And it was true; they did hear them. Not comprehended, not understood, there is yet an inevitable connection between the minds of white men at the North and the minds of black men at the South; and there is a more direct and conscious communication than is generally supposed. A friend of mine in Kansas once hired a slave of his master, and one day he caught sight, beneath his soiled and tattered vest, of the corner of a newspaper, "What is that?" he asked. The slave started with affright when he found his secret discovered; but when he learned that my friend was an Abolitionist, he ventured to speak out. He pulled out the piece of paper, and showed it. It was a little bit of an anti-slavery newspaper which that poor fellow had found and kept for months. As the Mahommedans keep every piece of paper, thinking it may be a part of the Koran, so this poor fellow, who could not read, kept this bit of paper because some of his friends, who could read, told him there was something about the Abolitionists in it, and I do not know but he thought it would be a talisman to bring him out of slavery. He came from one of the far Southern States; no one could tell how this piece of paper had reached him, but it had reached him, and he knew that Fremont and his men, that Garrison and his men, were on the march, and felt his own hopes revive in consequence.

So, I say, there is a new element coming to settle the question of slavery, by-and-bye, on the soil where it exists. It cannot live forever. Will it cease by the voluntary action of the master? I see no sign of it. Is it destined, as it begun in blood, so to end? Seriously and solemnly, I say, it seems as if it were. Is there a man here who would join to put down liberty? Is there a man here who would fight for the despotism of Louis Napoleon? Is there a man here who would fight to put down a slave insurrection? I ask the question. [A VOICE—"Yes."] One man answers "Yes!" Be it known that there is one man in this hall who would fight to put down a slave insurrection. Go, my friend! but I fear there is not much chance that we shall ever see you among us again (applause).

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

MR. CHAIRMAN: For one, the topic which the last speaker has chosen for his address has given me very great pleasure. I do not believe that he could have selected a more useful, to me, hardly a more interesting subject. I am always glad to see the attention of an audience drawn to that section of the Anti-Slavery movement which is represented by the courage and the intelligence of the fugitive slave. I believe that the sympathy which it awakes, the circle of truth the discussion of which it calls out—for instance, the duty of the citizen to an unjust law, the allegiance which binds to the corrupt and infamous provisions of the Constitution the souls of the American people, the ethics of citizenship—I believe that in that you will find most frequently the school, the text, and the sermon by which the cause has called out the most intelligent sympathy with the slave population, and with the question of slavery itself. When, in the last moments of the Convention of 1789, a representative from South Carolina was permitted to insert those few ambiguous lines in the Constitution, he put there the seeds of its death. It was the heel of Achilles, which his mother omitted to baptize in the sacred water, and through which the arrow of the enemy found its way to his vital part. In the sympathy of Americans for the fugitive slave, in the eloquence, the unuttered eloquence, of his appeal to the manhood of the white race, is often the first step of anti-slavery life. I remember one member of that family so disastrously notorious in the history of Boston—the Curtises—who went down to Faneuil Hall to defend this very Fugitive Slave law, and crowd it down our reluctant throats, went back to the shelter of his own roof, to the presence of his own wife, and took out the money to enable his own body-servant to run to Canada from the very Fugitive Slave law which he had bid us enforce. He could not practise his own preaching. Is there a man here so unworthy the mother that bore him, that he will consent to say that, with his permission, Margaret Garner should be given up to slavery, Constitution or no Constitution, Union or no Union? I cannot believe there is.

I observed there was a hiss when my friend [Mr. Higginson] spoke of the courage of the coloured people—an *Anglo-Saxon* hiss. But he might have stated his case a great deal stronger, if he had broadened his basis, and contemplated not merely the colored race among us, weighed down by the degrading influences of the slave-condition, but taken the black race as a unit, as we are so fond of taking the Anglo-Saxon race as a unit, and gathering into the galaxy of our own merit all the great names and glorious deeds which look back to blue eyes and sunny locks for their father. He would have had to say that every race known to history, ourselves included, pure Anglo-Saxon blood, has known the fetter, chattel slavery, known it for ages; and every race but one owes its redemption to the general progress of Christianity, the growth of civilization, to influences outside of itself; and that exception, which owes its emancipation from the fetter to its own right hand, is the black race (applause). To arbitrary power, and tyrannical forms of government, every race has, in its own day, made more or less effectual resistance; but I know in history only one instance, except that of St. Domingo, where chattel slaves have tried, by grand and systematic effort, to emancipate themselves with their own swords. That was in Roman days, under the leadership of the gladiator Spartacus. It was unsuccessful; the government trampled it out in blood. The only successful instance of a chattel slave hewing his own chains to pieces, with his own sword, is that of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the hero of St. Domingo. There is not an instance in history, among all the records of ethnology, *not one*, of any race, but the black, that ever struck off its fetters by the sword in its own hands. We were villiens for five centuries, and it was the character and chivalry of other races that lifted this Saxon race into freedom. Deny it who can, who is familiar with the records of English or of German history either.

We say that Elizabeth Heyrick in England, and our friend Garrison here, originated the idea of immediate emancipation—its duty and its safety. But, no, Mr. President, it seeks a nobler origin than that. When the blacks of St. Domingo, for the first time in the history of chattel slavery, took the sword into their own hands, and proclaimed their own liberty, they wrought out, on the gorgeous plains of Hayti, the safety and the duty of immediate emancipation (loud applause). And against the chivalry of England, prostituted to a base purpose, against the valor of France, seeking, with its veterans of the Nile, from the ramparts of Rome and the banks of the Rhine, to reaffix the fetter, with the haughty blood of Spain, royal in its military valor for half-a-dozen centuries against them, they maintained that liberty by their own right hands. Let us shut our mouths, fellow-Saxons, and put our hands upon them, and lay them in the dust, until this red blood of ours has struck off one of its own fetters, by its own hand, before we claim a higher place in this history than that race which points to St. Domingo, and defies us to equal it!

I was not, however, going to speak upon this point, but rather on a topic which has engaged our attention during the afternoon. I was led away to it, because I observe such an amount of profound ignorance in regard to the history of races, in the press of America, whenever this question, the courage of the colored race, becomes the topic of discussion. It is very proper to speak of the endurance and patience manifested by them in our history. That is one form of courage. It is a glorious one. It was well said by Lowell—

> "Patience is the passion of great hearts;
> When brute strength, like a scornful conqueror,
> Clangs his huge mace down in the other scale,
> The inspired soul but flings his patience in,
> And slowly that outweighs the ponderous globe."

But the merit of the black man is not exhausted when you have claimed that kind of courage for him; for he has with the black, as we with the white, a brotherhood the world over, and may robe himself in the banner of its merits as fairly as we do in the glory of the English and German that gave us birth. But the subject to which I had intended to direct your attention was another and quite different one. We have been discussing here, this afternoon, *toleration*; that is, how much we can bear in each other with regard to religious opinion. This Society has been charged with being an infidel society, because it tolerates, in its agents and in its members, every variety of religious creed. Let me protest here against the use of the word toleration. I no more tolerate the infidel than he tolerates me. We have both equal rights here. It is necessary; it is not only necessary, but it is just—just to ourselves, just to the slave. I never feel, on the anti-slavery platform, very proud, at the first blush, of Christianity. Bred in it, revering it, I am yet bound to remember this—the Christianity, so called, of the American people holds four millions of slaves ("hear, hear"). If the infidel will have patience with me until I explain this fact, I will have endless patience with him (applause). If he will only wait and let me make out a case for Christianity, I am bound to wait and accept gladly his aid in such a crusade at my side. Besides, I have personally no anxiety in regard to this question of creed. I am so confident, bigotedly confident, that I am right, as to believe no man can dislodge what I consider my faith; I can use him to any extent in the prosecution of a good cause. My idea of religion is, that

> "Moored in the rifted rock,
> Proof to the tempest shock,
> The firmer he roots him
> The ruder it blow" (applause).

And if I can only crowd my doubting and infidel friend into practical service on a great ethical question like this, he will not only help educate the people, but he will educate himself into a nearer approach to truth.

My idea of our platform, Mr. Chairman, is simply this. If any agent of this Society uses his opportunities to address an audience gathered for him, under the name of the American Anti-Slavery Society, to preach orthodoxy or heterodoxy, to build one up or tear the other down, he violates his duty to the anti-slavery cause—and as much on one side as on the other. Whoever undertakes, clergyman or infidel, to advance his doctrinal faith, directly, under the guise of an anti-slavery agency, is unfaithful to the function which he has assumed, and he cheats us. As a matter of fact, on the side of the Church, doctrinally, as I may be considered, to a great extent, to be, yet in my soul I believe that, in the twenty-five years' history of this cause, the clergymen who have been engaged in anti-slavery agencies have sinned oftener against this principle than their opponents. There has been, heedlessly or consciously, a greater effort and enthusiasm to advance, side by side, and underneath, and by the assistance of, the anti-slavery principle, orthodox doctrines than heterodoxy. I am bound to say this, from my experience and intimate acquaintance with the manner in which this cause has been conducted. If the orthodox agents of this Society had been watched as closely and as scrupulously as those tainted with unpopular sentiments have been watched and sifted, it would have been found that they have sinned against the catholic neutrality which our cause demands much more than the others.

Thomas Paine and Jonathan Edwards—their names are found side by side in the anti-slavery societies of the revolutionary period; and I should blush for Jonathan Edwards if any of his descendants or contemporaries were able to say of him that he was ashamed to be found side by side with Thomas Paine in such an enterprise (applause). Is it in romance, or in history, Mr. President, the story of two men, parted, life long, by some great and disastrous conflict in early life, who found themselves side by side in the forlorn hope on some victorious field, and, mounting the rampart together, stopped to embrace, before they placed their king's banner on the walls of the conquered city? So I would have the members of this Society feel with regard to religious differences among us. We are the forlorn hope of Religion and Liberty, and I will be ready to embrace the man who holds the other extreme of religious belief, if he will only meet me in the forlorn hope, and on the rampart (applause).

I do not believe in the great consequence to be attached to mere opinions. I think the weakness of much of our anti-slavery rests in the idea that it is enough to assent, lustily and frankly, to the dogma of slavery being a sin, and to evince that belief, in general, in our lives. I do not believe that that impresses those about us; I do not think it makes them understand us. The great object of a man who represents a new and unpopular idea is to be realized by those about him, to be appreciated, to be understood, in the full length and breadth of his purpose. It seems to me that it is not enough, in regard to our cause, that we should simply lay down great principles; it is not enough even to go out into political and religious life, and keep crying out, "Slavery is sin!" A man hears it so often that it is like A, B, C; he forgets it; it does not make any impression upon him. He is much more struck—I think this is a principle we see illustrated in daily life—when you infer from your central principle some rule of daily conduct, and flare it in his face. When that slaveholder stood in one of your courts, seeking to regain his slave, and raised his hand in solemn oath to affirm the truthfulness of his story, and then told it, and when Elizur Wright doubted the whole narrative, the man—I think he was from Tennessee—turned round to him, with the most unconscious air of entire surprise, and said he, "Sir, do you think I would lie?" "I can't tell as to that," said Wright; "but I know you will steal" (laughter and applause). Now, that practical inference, that carrying out into actual, every-day life the normal truth of anti-slavery, it touched him, it surprised him, it created a vital appreciation of the anti-slavery movement. I remember once, years ago, being in the house of two daughters of a very eminent clergyman of New England, a very intimate friend and acquaintance of Abbot Lawrence. The ladies happened to be Abolitionists. There was an anti-slavery gathering in the town, and these ladies did themselves the honor, Mr. President, to invite Lunsford Lane, Frederick Douglass, and another, a very black man, by the name of Jones, with myself, to tea. It chanced that, before we sat down to the table, Mr. Lawrence made a call. He had never been within the porch of an anti-slavery meeting, and he probably understood little or nothing of the actual practical meaning of the question; he had heard, perhaps, of a fanatic or two who dwelt somewhere near him; but as he entered the parlor, the first person whom these ladies, with ordinary civility, and very properly, as I happened to be nearest the door, introduced to him, was myself. Mr. Lawrence bowed low, and said, "How do you do, sir?" The next was Frederick Douglass; you know his face well; he is not very black; and Mr. Lawrence bowed low to him, and said, "How do you do?" Then came Lane—about ten shades blacker. Mr. Lawrence bowed, without speaking. Then came Jones, ten degrees darker yet—and the visitor turned on his heel (laughter and applause). He learned more of the practical meaning of the anti-slavery cause in that visit to the roof of a family in his own social caste, covering, with a hospitality that honored them, the servants of a great enterprise, two of whom, at least, had proved more their appreciation of liberty than I or Abbot Lawrence ever proved, for we were born free, and they achieved freedom with their own courageous right hands—he learned more of the anti-slavery cause by that practical exemplification of its meaning than he would from volumes of argument.

I had occasion, yesterday morning, to mention, in terms of criticism, the name of a man whom Massachusetts honors for eminent services to the cause of education—I mean HORACE MANN. I would shame not to remember also his merits. At a time when the effort was made to deprive a coloured girl, who sought admittance to one of the Normal Schools, of the right to the education of Massachusetts, not directly, but by that skulking meanness which characterizes the New England character just now, admitting her to the school, and then refusing her a place to board in, Mr. Mann threw his doors open—the only person to whom they were open was that friendless coloured girl (loud applause). He taught more of ethics to that Normal School, and the teachers of New England, young men and women, in time to come, by that practical deduction from his anti slavery faith, than he could have done by volumes of lectures on morals. Antioch College has a professorship of Moral Philosophy, I doubt not; but when, within two or three months, that same Antioch College had its head plunged below low-water mark in sixty thousand dollars of debt, and the auction flag was almost floating from its windows, there came to its President, this same Horace Mann, one of ten men who would make up that sum and save it, only on the condition that he should shut the door in the face of a colored girl, fitted to enter; and he said, "Away, you and your six thousand dollars also—open that door" (enthusiastic and prolonged cheering)! By that one act, he founded and endowed a professorship of moral philosophy for the University of Antioch better than any mere wealth could have furnished (applause).

So I think it is in regard to the platform of our Society. I think the slaveholders and the pro-slavery world learn the momentous nature of slavery from the principle which I have just avowed to you—that we are on the forlorn hope, and cannot stop to discuss theology. Republicanism! what is it? I will tell you. Its cardinal principle is this: Resist the last enormity of slavery, and endorse all that went before. When Texas is the last enormity, resist it, and say nothing about the past; Texas once in, and the Fugitive Slave law on the table, resist that, and say "amen" to Texas. The Compromise Measures passed, and Nebraska tabled, resist that, and send Mr. Banks to the Merchants' Exchange to say that Republicanism has no quarrel with the Fugitive Slave bill. When Kansas comes to the door, resist that, and say nothing about the past; now she is in, why, resist Cuba, and kiss Kansas. That is Republicanism! Do I misrepresent it? I do not mean to misrepresent. It is politics, the confining of yourselves to the last point, and you are obliged to let the enemy choose which it shall be, and of course he takes you at advantage. But you can never make a nation of Union-lovers realize your anti-slavery principle by sitting down quietly in Congress with bastard Senators and Representatives who have been foisted upon you unconstitutionally all around. Perhaps there must be such men. I do not deny that in the staircase of the world's progress there must be upper and lower steps; but, as the old lady said, when charged with undue bigotry and irreverence in refusing to be civil to certain persons whom, she was told, God did not disdain to recognise, "Well," said she, "God will use some people that I would n't touch with a pair of tongs" (laughter). There is a necessity, perhaps, for these; but there is a also a necessity for a platform like ours. There is a necessity for a body of men with an inevitable memory, who forget nothing—who write, as the Italian did, on the right-hand side of the ledger, the debts which tyranny owes to liberty; and when she apologizes, we balance the account, and not until then (applause). Not in revenge; but only to show this people that it is not a mere quarrel of lawyers in court, friendly afterwards; that it is not a mere dispute about economics, like the tariff question; it is a momentous, soul-stirring moral issue. I revere Benjamin Franklin. The six best lines he ever wrote are the letter he sent to Straban, when his old friend, being in Parliament, voted with Lord North, for six successive months, in every item of aggression on the colony of Massachusetts, and then sent Franklin his cordial greetings and farewell. The old man, who had tamed the lightning and brought it down safely, discharged a little of it into the face of this pliant John Bull, in saying—"I find your name in every vote that stabs the liberty of America, and I want no such private friendships as yours" (applause).

I know you will say that this is fanaticism—perhaps it is; but my object is to be understood, and I believe that the way to be understood is to carry my principles into daily, practical life. I do not think, now, that Massachusetts, for instance, has the right, consistently, to refuse social recognition to the slaveholder; she is as bad as he is; but if she ever should be an abolition State, as South Carolina is a slaveholding State—that is, if she should ever make slavery her great test question, as the South does—then I believe that she would be perfectly justified in letting such a man, for instance, as Senator Mason, of Virginia, author of the Fugitive Slave bill, know that if he proposed to go up Bunker Hill on the 17th day of June, the people were ready to throw him down; that they did not think he had any right there—tell him so; tell him so, as emphatically, as insolently, if you please, as possible. I believe that if the people of any Northern State were as true to liberty as the people of South Carolina are to their system, they would tell the slaveholder that the soil of their State was too hot for him, exactly as the men of Charleston told Samuel Hoar that Charleston was rather too hot for his residence. It is natural—I think it is proper.

My criticism of Republicanism is that it is not understood. I honor Gerrit Smith, of your State; he is a glorious specimen of a natural politician; his heart takes up half the room of his brain. But when Gerrit Smith, with that heart, so true a logician on every question of liberty, placed himself under the dome of the House of Representatives, and invited the slaveholders of the extreme South to his table, made them his social companions, I submit, Mr. Chairman, that it was *impossible* that they should understand him. They did not see him go into the jail of Washington and ask the discharged felon to his table; they did not see him go into the Court and take the acquitted, technically acquitted murderer to his table; they did not see him go into the Police Court of a morning and take the petty thief into his parlor and introduce him to Mrs. Smith; no; they knew that, even if some of those men had been brought up on the same social level and enjoyed the same culture as himself, he never would have thought of it; and when, from that hospitable roof—too hospitable by half—he went into his seat in the House of Representatives, and said, "Gentlemen, the slaveholder is a murderer, a thief and a pirate combined," they laughed at him as a wordy declaimer, who did not attempt to carry out into practice the principle he was laying down (applause). How could they do otherwise? I know that human nature is like a pendulum, and never goes in the centre, but is always oscillating from side to side; but I know this also, that it is by the fanaticism of the ages that this lower world has been dragged out of its bed of sloth into some decent progress (applause). You do not trace the children of reform, of progress, of ideas, back to thrones, to ceiled houses, to colleges, to respectable boards. I believe in my soul that in the days of those old enthusiasts, the medical men of their time would have cheerfully signed a certificate of their insanity; and yet, a reverent world goes back on its knees to the jail, and the stake, to the too early grave, to the prison-house of those "lunatics," and says, "Thank God! I too am a man. I belong to this same race that has risen out of the heavy burden of conventional slavery, and the temptations of local and temporary advantage, and shot up into the perhaps irregular, but glorious, loyalty to Ideas." I may be a fanatic; but, ladies and gentlemen, I really believe that some of you who attend our sessions, when you listened to a speech such as you had last evening from the lips of one of us [Mr. GARRISON], unfolding the religious aspects of the hour, and saw how vast a welling out of Christianity, in its noblest sense, it was, how it recognized, in the profoundest degree, the religious sentiment of the race—and when you saw, also, that the speaker was obliged, from the intensity of his conviction of the momentous crisis of the hour, to grasp, in justice to the slave and his idea, every form of religious belief or unbelief, that he might mass up the thunder that should rive the slave system to its centre—you were more practically impressed than ever before with the conviction

that he really thought slavery to be "the sum of all villanies," that he really believed the Slave Power to be, at this moment, plotting the destruction of the American State. He said, to be sure—and some men laughed and some hissed—that the time might come when even the *forms* of Republican institutions would be violated. Men said, "No! it is nonsense!" Yes! So many newspapers said, "Kansas is nonsense"—"The Fugitive Slave bill is nonsense"—"The Compromise Measures are nonsense"—Texas is nonsense." I remember that one of our wealthiest men, a leader in the Whig party of Massachusetts, told us, six weeks before Texas was annexed, "Gentlemen, you make yourselves fools by your anxious fears about Texas. I have letters in my pocket *that tell me* Texas will be defeated *by the votes of Southern men*." Do you know where these very institutions of ours took root? Where do you suppose you find the first flowering out, in modern times, of the municipal institutions of freedom, which are the basis of our State Governments, and therefore the basis of the Federal Government? You find them in Spain—degraded, enslaved Spain. Where are these free municipalities today? Blotted out! It is by no means impossible that even from a large section of our country, foolish as it sounds, the progress of an aggression so sagacious and systematic as that of the Slave Power should blot out even the forms of Democracy, as it has already blotted out its essence. I commend the men who hissed Mr. Garrison last night for the assertion to a more careful study of the forms of free institutions in the European record.

But I will not detain the audience longer. [Many Voices—"Go on!"] I only want to say this: Kansas is off the table; there is room made now for a new issue. Mr. Buchanan wanted it out of the way. The Ostend Manifesto is his trump card. St. Domingo and Cuba are to be his great achievements. He is to signalize his administration by the acquisition of the Queen of the West Indies. That is to be our next question. We are about separating from this year's Anti-Slavery Anniversary. The last year has witnessed the culmination and the end of the Kansas question; before we meet again it will be Cuba, Central America, perhaps the slave trade. I know we are accustomed to call the people of the North pro-slavery. We do not mean that they have no recognition of anti-slavery in their hearts; we only mean that there is something they prefer to liberty. It may be with one man his business, with another his sect, with a third his ease, with a fourth his popularity, with a fifth his office, with a sixth his personal friendship for some distinguished leader—but it is something. What we call an anti-slavery man is one who is awake to the necessity of the hour, who feels that the battle has reached almost its crisis, who is willing to go behind words, who is willing to call things by their right names, who dares to trust God so much that he does not believe His Church will fall if he describes a church of slaveholders as a synagogue of Satan.

"Let us call tyrants *tyrants*, and maintain
That only freedom comes by grace of God,"

and all that comes not by his grace must fall, no matter what name it takes. Throw out of the catalogue the Union and the Church! Give us Ideas, not symbols. Do not let your religion consist in sitting in the pew your grandfather sat in, and singing from your mother's hymn-book—in the emotional, the association of tender memories, that make up one portion of religion; but recognize the fact that the religious element, in times like ours, has a keen battle to fight to vindicate itself. If any gentlemen were offended, this afternoon, by the tenor of the discussion, I remind all such of that sublime declaration of Patrick Henry, himself a slaveholder, "It is a duty which we owe to the purity of our religion, to prove that it does not sanction slavery." Christian clergyman, Christian doubter of the American Anti-Slavery Society, when some future Hildreth, with a philosophical insight far above the mere gaudy ornament of Bancroft, shall look back upon the records of this century and dig up proof of the value of Christianity, the proof that it helped man, educated, enlarged, purified, sustained and fitted for a higher state the souls beneath its influence, do you believe that he will find that proof in the city of New York, in the middle of the nineteenth century, under a Church of "dumb dogs that dare not bark," rather than under the broad, unfettered toleration of a Society that proves the value of its Christianity by going up to its account with God holding four millions of broken fetters in its hands? (Loud and prolonged applause.)

Mr. Garrison said a few words, excusing himself from making a speech, on the ground of excessive fatigue, and an unwillingness even to attempt adding anything to the excellent speeches which had been already made. The meeting then adjourned.

SPEECH OF PARKER PILLSBURY,

At the Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in New York, May 12th.

Mr. President: It is more than three months since I have attempted any public speaking whatever. The first part of that time I was confined by severe indisposition myself; the latter part, I was an attendant at the bedside of a daughter, suffering under a more alarming illness; and I think you will all admit, especially those of you who are parents, that this is not the best preparation for public speaking. However, it is a rule with me to decline no service, in this cause, of which I am capable; and I have been feeling, this morning, particularly desirous to add the weight of my testimony, though it should be no more than the crying of a sparrow on the house-top, to the testimonies which have been given on the subject for the consideration of which this Convention has assembled.

I come from the State of New Hampshire. It is not the State of my birth, though of that I make but little account, for it is a matter over which I had little control, and about which I was not consulted (laughter); nor can I speak of the greatness of New Hampshire, as our friend Mr. McKim has of the State of Pennsylvania. If I were going to speak of the State at all, I think I should rather say of it somewhat as the woman did who was so unfortunate as to have a rather unpleasant husband, who, however, was only about four feet high, and small in proportion; and so she used to tell her friends that, however unpleasant he might be, there was one comfort—there was very little of him (laughter)!

I was glad Mrs. Dall entered her protest in regard to some of the remarks of Mr. McKim. I do not think very highly of the State of Pennsylvania. I do not know what hidden merits she may possess, but, so far as I have seen hitherto, I think in her own Alleghanies there are no coal mines that are darker than the minds or harder than the hearts of the great mass of her people. I do not believe much in the love of Pennsylvania for liberty or justice, as our friend ascribed it to her; and I was thinking, while he was speaking, that if it had been very dark, I should have been afraid that the spirit of Sydney Smith might appear, and claim that those words did not sound well coming from a Pennsylvanian, while the ghosts of his stock certificates still walked unavenged in the cities and towns of that State. I think we had better not glorify ourselves much in any part of this country. I do not believe there is any love of liberty on the one hand or any appreciation of Christianity, justice or righteousness on the other. On the contrary, if there be any spot claiming to be civilized, on the whole habitable globe, that is darker and more discouraging in its aspects and attitude than any other, that spot is these United States of America, and I am tired of this twaddle about our love of liberty, our sense of justice, and our regard for right. I think we had better be honest men and women, and speak the simple truth in this matter. It is as easy to deceive ourselves as it is to deceive others; and I do not know but the poet is right when he says,

"Doubtless, the pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat,"

and to cheat ourselves, one would think, is the very height of enjoyment!

There is nothing in any part of our country that can be called encouraging to the lovers of freedom. Our friend Mr. Phillips called attention yesterday to the fact that the most absolute despotism in Europe is loosening its grasp on the limbs and hearts of its victims. When, think you, will this be true of our despots and our despotism? Do you see, in the signs of the times, any indications of it? I do not know of any. On the contrary, it seems to me our other friend from Philadelphia, Dr. Furness, has a clearer appreciation of what is before us than most of the speakers who have addressed us—certainly, of those who have spoken to-day. I remember that, not many months ago, my friend, Mr. Buffum, took me in his carriage to a town in his neighborhood, and we held an anti-slavery meeting. It was just after the first pulsation began to be felt in the cold heart of the Illinois Senator, Stephen Arnold Douglas; and such was the throbbing palpitation that began to be perceptible among the Republicans here at the North, that I ventured to predict that it would not be three months before Stephen Arnold Douglas would be named as the next candidate for the Presidency by the Republican party. Now, I never had much reputation, never claimed any, as a prophet, but it was at once said, that what little I had was forfeited by that rash prediction. The audience cried out "No! No!" and even my friend Buffum looked as if he thought I "saw men as trees walking." But instead of being three months, it was not *three weeks* before Mr. Douglas was trumpeted from Mississippi to Maine as the next probable candidate for the Presidency of the United States by the party of freedom. Since that time there has been some little modification of the sentiment or feeling; but in what direction? It is only to cross over the river, and fasten upon a slaveholder in the State of Kentucky—I refer, of course, to the Hon. Mr. Crittenden; and the highest that party now looks, in 1860, is for some slaveholder, or Northern man with slaveholding principles, to be their standard-bearer in the Presidential canvass. And as political parties always lower their standard, as men always grow worse when they enter the political arena, just as they do when they join the Church, it is perfectly safe to utter such a prediction—and that party has scarcely any lower deep into which it can fall. It seems to me that we can look now for no more from the Republican party than from the Democratic party, or any other party that may arise in the coming three years.

Then, again, I think we deceive ourselves as to the character and position of individuals. Allusion has been made to the kindly event in the workings of Providence, the death of the Senator from South Carolina. But who made the most haste to pronounce eulogies upon that man? Why, the two most prominent men in the Senate of the United States, if we except Mr. Seward, of the Empire State; I refer to Senator Wilson of Massachusetts, and Senator Hale of New Hampshire. Senator Wilson went so far as to tell, not the country only, but the Senate in particular, that they, even, did not know the merits, the peculiar gifts and graces, of that man. He said, "You knew him only here in the Senate, and you who knew him here knew him only to esteem him. I knew him in the Committee-room, where we learn men still more intimately; and the more I knew of him there, the more highly did I respect, esteem and venerate him!" That from a Massachusetts Senator, standing almost in the yet undried blood of his colleague, Charles Sumner, steaming from the floor of the Senate Chamber, and calling to God, certainly unavenged! And Senator Hale's eulogy was in terms no less glowing. I regard these facts as significant indications of the position and character of the Republican party at this time.

Then, again, we all of us fancy that we must speak well of Charles Sumner, however we may speak of the dead. I do not know, if Stephen A. Douglas is nominated for the Presidency, who is any more likely to be his firm supporter than Charles Sumner. He is yet a member of this Government—the sworn and pledged ally of slavery. I sometimes fancy that Providence has permitted Charles Sumner to occupy a peculiar position in the government of the country. He went to the United States Senate pledged to the support of the Union and the Constitution. Of course, that bound him to aid in putting down any insurrection that might occur, in whatever section of the South, among the slaves. Even Bully Brooks's own slaves might rise in rebellion, and then who was more firmly pledged than Charles Sumner to see to it that that insurrection was suppressed, if need be, by the strong arm of the Federal Government, himself one of the great throbbing pulsations that put forth the terrible power? Now, it was written, not on Judean parchment alone, and more than eighteen hundred years ago, "With what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again." Charles Sumner had sworn to be the ally of Bully Brooks in maintaining order on his plantation; he had sworn to aid in inflicting whatever "caning" his slaves might require, in order to preserve the peace of the plantation; and the terrible Nemesis, that avenges the outrages done, in the name of liberty, in behalf of slavery, hovering over his head, soon let fly the arrows of his wrath, and Bully Brooks was the instrument to avenge the wrong; and that slave measure which Charles Sumner meted out to others was meted out to him.

I speak of this not as the enemy of Charles Sumner. I know him well enough to believe that he would not have me false to my convictions and to myself, in glossing over his position, out of regard to his personal merits, or my particular friendship or fondness for him. But I will not stop to speak of the political relations of the country to slavery. I have a very few words to say as regards the "revival" through which we have recently been passing, in different parts of the country.

Here, again, I think, when there are such significant and striking indications of what is called "the presence of God," we are all too much in the habit of speaking in measured tone and with suppressed and bated breath in regard to them. I know something of the history of revivals in this country for the last twenty-five years. I know that in 1830 there commenced a series of revivals that swept over the entire country. I know that in this city, in particular, there was such an outpouring of what was called "the spirit of God" as was never witnessed before; I remember that one of the largest theatres was converted into a place of worship, and Professor Finney was called from the West to perform the mighty works done there in the name of religion; and the city almost fancied that it had become a fit emblem of the "City of Mount Zion" above. Such a rush of converts to the communion had never been witnessed before, and the Church lifted up her voice in such songs of rejoicing as had not been heard since the days of the Apostles. But here, in the City of New York, what has followed? In looking after the fruits of that revival, what have we found? Amid its slime, there has sprung up a vegetation the most dangerous and deadly to be found in any of the moral quagmires of the whole western hemisphere. There has sprung up not only the rule of Isaiah Rynders, Tammany Hall, and Fernando Wood, but that and all subsequent revivals have not suppressed that more deadly and poisonous influence—and powerful, too—the *New York Observer*, so long published, to the disgrace of this city and the dishonor of this country (applause).

Now, these were the legitimate fruits of the revival here in the City of New York; but I want to take, for a moment, a more extended view of it. In Mexico, at that time, there was an effort making for the overthrow of the slave system of that Catholic country, and Roman Catholicism and as much of Republicism as existed in that country at that time were sufficient to accomplish the glorious act of the overthrow of the slave system, that had so long cursed that unfortunate Republic. There was no revival of religion, but there was an overthrow of slavery there. Our country enjoyed a revival of religion. It lasted from 1830, with more or less power and interest, until 1840. In 1840, we began to witness the fruits of that revival—and what were they? The history of the ten previous years was the history of what was called "the outpouring of the spirit of God," in the most millennial manner. All over the land, from east to west, there sprung up churches and theological seminaries, and it was said that the day-star of the millennium had risen upon the country, and that the wilderness and the solitary places were budding and blossoming like the rose. The churches increased among the wilds of the West to such an extent that, as it was said of Athens, when Paul first preached there, "the gods are so numerous that it is easier to find a god in our city than a man," so it might almost have been said of the West, "the houses of God are so numerous that it is easier to find them than to find the house of a man." Thus the Church seemed to triumph, and thus, for ten years, there was rained down from heaven, as though its very windows were opened, such refreshings from the presence of the Lord as had never been enjoyed before.

So sang the Church. Meantime, as I said, Roman Catholicism had abolished slavery in Mexico. But what were the fruits gathered from that golden harvest of revival? The seizure of Texas, and its annexation to these United States, and the war—if you call such a massacre a war—the war with Mexico, that wasted the fairest portion of her heritage. The Protestantism of the United States, the *revived* Protestantism of the United States, the Millennium Protestantism of the United States, signalized its zeal and regard for the honor and glory of God by seizing upon Texas, a revolted province of the Mexican Republic, and re-enacting slavery there, where Roman Catholicism had thrown down its reeking altars, as it fancied and hoped, forever and ever!

Now, Mr. Chairman, I have been wondering what would be the fruits of this great revival. I have been wondering what act our Government and our Church contemplated, of peculiar diabolism, whose way must thus be prepared by these remarkable religious outpourings. I remember "John Brown, the Ferryman," who used to write letters, I think, for the New York *Post*, said he always knew when Daniel Webster contemplated some particularly diabolical act, by the remarkably religious unction with which he seemed to be visited (laughter and applause). I think the same with regard to our country at large. I think you will find that almost every peculiarly diabolical deed has been preceded by some special religious observances and celebrations.

We are told that Cuba, Central America, the African slave trade, are already laid down in the programme of the Government for the coming year. I strongly suspect that it is true, and I scarcely could wish better evidence of it than the remarkable revivals of religion we have witnessed during the past winter (applause and hisses). I do not know whether those who hiss are "lambs of the flock"—I am afraid they are entirely another species of animal by the dialect (laughter). However, I remember reading somewhere that Rome was once saved by the hiss of a goose, and the Church may be saved by the same instrumentality (renewed laughter). But I am speaking in all seriousness. I know my remarks to some may seem extravagant, but I will not retract them; I could not if I would. But sure I am, you will all agree in this—that from 1830 to 1840, we did have these remarkable revivals of religion; and I am equally sure that those of you who are conversant with the history of the time will agree with me that we had the annexation of Texas, and that that was followed by what was called the Mexican war; and following thick and close and fast upon it came the enactment of the Fugitive Slave bill, and then its execution, and then the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and then the scenes enacted in Kansas—scenes of such a character that one might almost fancy the seven vials of Apocalyptic wrath had been poured out on that ill-fated Territory. So far, I am sure we are agreed. Well, if, at the close of the revival of 1840, some one had predicted all these events as likely to follow, surely that would not have been considered as paying a very high compliment to the power of the Church or to the Christianity and religion of the people. But yet, all these events have come; and those three to which I have referred as likely to transpire within the three coming years are surely not more remarkable. You thought I was speaking extravagantly. I spoke just so at the close of the revival of 1840. I said, some deed of damning darkness is about to be committed—and were not such deeds close upon us? I claim to be no prophet, the son of no prophet, but if I remember who it was that said, "Can ye not observe the signs of the times?" Why, the Republican party at that time sprung into new life; it called itself the Free Soil party, and its motto was, "No more slave territory—so help us, Heaven!" Do they say it now? Is there any such party now, or any such zeal in the cause of freedom?

One single word, Mr. Chairman, if you will indulge me, to the Abolitionists. I am afraid we are a little too anxious for our own reputation. It was a glorious utterance of Wendell Phillips, three or four months since, in Boston, when he said, as long as we have a shred of reputation about us, we should distrust our position and ourselves. He said it, too, just at the moment when my friend Remond and myself returned to Boston from Vermont, blushing with the honors that had been showered upon us during a little visit there; and, oh! how quickly our laurels withered on our brows! But I agree with the remark. And how, think you, shall we sacrifice our reputation? Not by denouncing the Democratic party—the Republican party outdo us altogether in that; we can go to school to them for terms of denunciation of the Democratic party. Not for denouncing the Church, in general—for I am sure, in that matter, the finger of Geo. B. Cheever is thicker than the loins of Garrison, Abby Kelley Foster, and many more like them, together. Where, then, is the place for us to occupy? Somebody has said that there is a principle in philosophy that renders it proper for a lecturer to say, in using certain apparatus, "If I touch that spot, the universe trembles." In the ecclesiastical organizations of our country, that tender, sensitive spot (if there be such an one) is, I strongly suspect, in the Old School Covenanter Church, in the Plymouth Church at Brooklyn, and the Church of George B. Cheever, on Union Square; and, I think, Mr. Chairman, they are the grand obstacles to the progress and triumph of the anti-slavery cause, for they are the men who deceive the very elect ("hear, hear").

Now, I honor these men, probably, as highly as they themselves would wish me to honor them; and yet, what does Dr. Cheever say of the great revival through which we have just passed? (I hope we have passed through it.) [A Voice—"Amen."] Why, that unless it reaches to the overthrow of slavery, wherever it is found, it is false and spurious (loud applause). Well, does it? Has a single slave been emancipated by the whirlwind and earthquake and fire that have passed over the land? On the contrary, will not the "still small voice" of this anniversary be heard, louder than those thunders, all through the caverns of despair in the slaveholding States of the land? Nobody was ever more sure than the slaveholder that the Church is the bulwark of slavery, and every revival of American religion adds new strength, new turrets and new towers to that terrible Bastile. Our meeting to-day, and this anniversary, will be heard and felt, and feared, by the tyrants of the South; but when and where have they trembled at the rumbling of the revival, though they have been told, and most of them believed, perhaps, that it was the chariot of salvation whose wheels they heard?

No, Mr. Chairman, we must judge trees by their fruit, and we must not be afraid to speak the truth of Sumner, or Beecher, or Cheever, or of religion revived, any more than of religion dead—as, happily for the slave, it almost always is in our land. It will make our number few—no matter for that. What though we are few, now and always?—so ever are the faithful. What though we may be growing fewer still?—that also may be a part of the economy of God; for so it has been before. What though the heavens over our heads may seem brass, and the earth under our feet may seem iron, and no results seem to follow our labors?—to wait and watch may be part of our mission, as well as to work; and the word that is spoken on this platform to-day may be blossoming in beauty and in blessedness long after we have been gathered to our graves. The olives from the planting of Isaiah and of Moses are not yet all gathered in, and the flower that blooms to-day on the banks of the Nile may have sprung from seed sown by Pharaoh's daughter. So, our work, in its grand results, may not be complete until that day when future Layards shall disinter the ruins of New York instead of Nineveh, and grave antiquarians from Australia come to search among the debris of the Mississippi for traces of a once flourishing civilization. I wish we could divest ourselves of all desire to be popular, of all desire to be numerous, of all desire for reputation; for in the whole history of the past, whenever God has appeared for the recovery or rescue of his own cause, it has generally been not until the hour when man's extremity drove him to despair, and he was ready and willing to ascribe all the glory of his salvation to the God of Heaven (loud applause).

[Mr. McKim made some remarks in reply to the speech of Mr. Pillsbury. He expressed surprise that that gentleman should have regarded what he had said about Pennsylvania as an attempt at "glorification." If others had received the same impression, he said he should be compelled to think that "stolidity" was not confined to his native State.]

William M. Connelly, who was arrested in this city, some weeks since, and taken to Cincinnati, to be tried upon the charge of aiding in the escape of two slaves of Col. Withers, of Covington, Ky., has been convicted. Upon the cross-examination of the government witnesses, the fact was brought out, that one of the slaves, during the six months preceding his escape, had been in Cincinnati a hundred times, draying for his master's son and by his master's consent, and that the other had spent some days in the city, as a nurse, in company with her mistress. By the laws of Ohio, therefore, they were entitled to their freedom; but the pious Judge Leavitt (a bright and shining light of the O. S. Presbyterian Church!) charged the jury that they "owed service" to Col. Withers, the law of Kentucky, not that of Ohio, ruling the case. Connelly was defended by Judge Stallo and Thomas Corwin, The Rev. Mr. Conway, in a letter to us, says: "Stallo is a German, one of the best and most cultivated young men of the West. He made a grand speech, full of noble words for freedom. Corwin made a great speech, too, full of that eloquence which cannot be surpassed, unless by Wendell Phillips, in America. Alas! what a symbol is Corwin of the glory and shame of America."

The jury (packed, probably, as such juries usually are) brought in a verdict of guilty; but it is some indication of the power of public opinion, that Judge Leavitt sentenced him only to pay a fine of $10 and be imprisoned twenty days. We tremble for the fate of the Union if traitors are to be let off so easy as this! Judge Leavitt may be assured that his Southern masters will be displeased at such misplaced leniency!

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1858.

Correspondents will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York*."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York*."

THE "JOURNAL OF COMMERCE."

If the inheritance which "all liars" are to have in "the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone" be not equally divided between them, but rather allotted in due proportion to the number, and magnitude, and aggravation, and impudence of their falsifications (a matter, by the way, on the "reasonableness" of which we should be glad to have Dr. South-side Adams's opinion, if there were any chance of his giving a disinterested one), and if the editor of the *Journal of Commerce* practises upon other subjects an amount, a persistency and a variety of falsehood proportional to that which he has lavished upon the little "Rejected Tract" of twenty-four pages, he must have practically bespoken very large "accomodations" in that torrid locality.

In the present crowded state of our columns, just after anniversary week in this city, and just before an influx of reports of similar proceedings in Boston, of course we cannot give a catalogue of the falsities in question, either with or without comment. It will suffice, as one may judge of Hercules by his foot, to present this matter to our readers "by sample," and, giving them a few recent specimens, enable them to judge for themselves of the mendacity of the *Journal of Commerce*.

It asserted, some time ago, that the tract in question ("The Family Relation, as Affected by Slavery") was "too filthy for perusal by any decent family." But, being admonished by *The Independent* that, however such an allegation might have served its turn before the publication of the tract, now that it was printed, and in circulation, the truth would be seen, and the calumny exposed, it tried another course, and printed a column of detailed criticism upon the tract by Chief-Justice Green, of Lebanon, Tennessee, an Elder in the Presbyterian Church, and one of the Vice-Presidents of the American Tract Society.

Mr. Whipple, the author of the tract assailed, promptly replied to this criticism, and showed, by fuller quotation from the very statutes, law reports, and individual trials quoted against him, that Judge Green had garbled and grossly misrepresented these authorities, and that every one of them corroborated the allegations which they were quoted to disprove.

Mr. Whipple showed, moreover, that—his representation of the above slave laws being compiled from Judge Stroud, his law cases from the Southern Law Reports, his church cases from the official records of ecclesiastical bodies, and his miscellaneous facts from authorities so trustworthy as Mr. Olmsted, Dr. Parsons, Mrs. Margaret Douglass, Rev. Dr. Nelson (author of the well-known work on Infidelity, published by the American Tract Society), and Rev. Mr. Alvord—Judge Green's controversy was with them rather than with the little tract in which their published testimony had been collected, even if his own inadvertent admissions had not corroborated their statements, in the very act of trying to refute them.

This reply the *Journal of Commerce* refused to publish, not even informing its readers that any reply had been made. Thus, those who had read the calumny were allowed to suppose that it had remained unanswered, and that it was sound and true, since probably very few of them read The Standard in which (8th inst.) both the letter of Judge Green and the reply to it appeared.

But this mere *concealment* of the truth was not enough for the *Journal of Commerce*. In subsequently publishing the letter of a "Life Director," who affirms the tract to be an *indecent* one, and declares further that, as soon as he had read it, he put it in the fire, lest it might fall into the hands of his sons and daughters, it appends the following note, endorsing Judge Green's censures, as if *they* were still unanswered.

"* We have already stated that, in our opinion, it was not fit to be read by any decent family. In addition to this, Judge Green of Tennessee, a Presbyterian Elder, declares that very many of its allegations are untrue, either positively or in effect.—*Eds. J. of C.*"

Perceiving, however, that these charges of *filthiness, indecency*, and *unfitness to be read in any decent family*, implicated, not remotely, the respectable and Reverend gentlemen who had awarded a premium of two hundred dollars to the author of the tract in question, the *Journal of Commerce* applied itself to the stopping of this awkward gap. That the lie which was needed for this purpose might seem to be naturally introduced, and not lugged in by the head and shoulders, another lie was manufactured to account for its introduction, and a man of straw was set up, for the purpose, thereafter, of being solemnly knocked down. The *nugget* of falsehood in question appeared in the *Journal of Commerce* of Tuesday, the 18th inst., as follows:

"The Rejected Tract.—The opponents of the American Tract Society, in speaking of the treatise known as the 'Rejected Tract' [on the Family Relation, as Affected by Slavery], use language which is calculated to convey the impression that the American Tract Society offered the premium for its production, and rejected the Tract after it had received the approbation of their arbiters. This is very far from the truth. The premium of $200 for such a Tract was not offered by the Society, or any one in its connection. It was offered by an American Abolitionist residing in Scotland, and it was he who designated the Committee of Awards. This Committee (one of whom resides in Scotland) awarded the premium to the author of the Rejected Tract, because it was 'the best production offered,' and not because they thought it was fit to be published by the Tract Society. Indeed, one or more of their number protested against its publication by that Society."

The falsities contained in the above need no other notice than the following.

1. Nobody has ever thought, or said, or implied, that the American Tract Society offered the premium in question.

2. The exact ground on which the premium was awarded is distinctly stated by Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, the agent of the gentleman in Scotland who offered and paid it. He conducted the whole of the negotiation relative to it, and his letter, offering it to the Tract Society for publication, after rehearsing the offer of the premium, and naming the Committee of Award, proceeds to say—

"From thirty-five manuscripts submitted to them, the Committee have *unanimously* selected the accompanying tract as DESERVING of the premium."

This letter was originally published by Dr. Thompson in *The Independent*, and it has since appeared, with a republication of the entire tract, in the Semi-Weekly *Tribune* of Tuesday, May 18th.

3. No one of the Committee of Award has protested against the publication of this tract by the American Tract Society.

The inference that, because gentlemen who had been requested to designate a tract for premium did not proceed to the impertinence of volunteering their counsel as to the use to be made of it, they *therefore* did not approve it, is rivalled in absurdity only by the assumption that Dr. Wayland and Bishop Clark recommended an indecent publication for premium because thirty-five others offered in competition with it were *worse*. Yet such assumptions are indispensable to the success of the *Journal of Commerce;* they are parts of its case.

Though the lies above exposed are (like all lies) utterly inexcusable, there were very strong inducements for telling them, to a person who, like the editor of the *Journal of Commerce*, has long since made up his mind to take whatever risk of discredit in this world and brimstone in the next may attend the habitual liar. Having said A, and sworn to it, he is ready to say B. Having allied himself to slavery and the Tract Society, he is ready to do in their defence whatever their defence requires; as much as the Rev. Mr. Dennison, of South Carolina, himself. To them, and to their cause, it would be utter ruin to have it plainly made known to the Northern public what is done in the families, and on the plantations, of the slaveholding Vice-Presidents, and Life Directors, and Directors, and Life Members, of the American Tract Society! They, of all men in the world, must look at consequences, and see what will follow, both to slavery and the Tract Society, if the latter is allowed to publish in regard to slavery. B will follow A there also, with inevitable sequence. And if *anything* on the subject is published, even a tract so thoroughly in accordance with their ideas as "Scriptural Duties of Masters," one demand after another would be made for further publication, one dangerous fact after another would be exposed, one wrong after another would be forbidden to the master, and one right after another would be claimed by the slave, until—who knows what might happen? Parson Dennison (Rector of an Episcopal congregation in Charleston) might be obliged to bear, before his Vestry, the complaint of a female slave against one of his wardens, her master, who had insisted upon making her into "a vessel of dishonor"! Everything must be risked to avoid such a calamity as this; and thus, to resist the beginnings of such danger, the *Journal of Commerce* meets the "Rejected Tract" by lying, and Parson Dennison proposes to meet it by lynching, if it should ever get into the borders of South Carolina. Hear his words, as quoted in *The Independent*:

"In alluding to the rejected tract, the speaker asked if it were possible that any member of the Committee could have thought of publishing such a tract and sending it to the South?

"He would say that the emissaries who brought it would have done so at the risk of their necks. Self-preservation demanded of them, whether Christians or not, when a man presented himself at their doors with such a missile as that, to send him away, and, if he would not go by request, he should go by violence.

"A Voice—It is a free country, is it not, Mr. Dennison?

"Mr. D.—We would show him very soon whether it is free down there! (The Rev. Dr. Murray was observed to make a side remark to the speaker.)

"The speaker said if he had used an expression too strong, he would withdraw it."

A dear pro-slavery brother, who knows that talk of that sort will not help the Tract Society at the North, intimates as much to Parson Dennison, who thereupon retracts the *expression*, but not the spirit, nor the determination. And the Reverend Platform behind the speaker, and the pious Tract Society before him make no more objection to the lynching by which their own members propose to uphold their cause in the South than to the lying by which the *Journal of Commerce* upholds it in the North.

We propose, in the next paper, if the want of space does not forbid, to examine how far the protesting party are disposed to go in opposition to this state of things, where they stop, and *why* they stop there.

THE REVIVAL.

While it was at its height, inquiry was swept away by emotion; but now that the excitement is subsided, there is a better chance for examination.

What, then, is *a Revival?*

Is it natural or supernatural? good or bad? or is it of a mixed character, like fire—a good servant, but a bad master? Is it spontaneous or induced? Is it a means or an end? Is it new or old? of Eastern or Western origin? European or American? of general or special applicability? safe or dangerous? Is it in the nature of machinery or of motive power? What is the pleasure of it? What is the use of it? Is it in the nature of Freedom? Will it help on our cause?

There is matter enough in the question—historical, geographical, physiological, ethical, metaphysical, ecclesiastical, psychological, sanitary, biographical, *esthetique*, philosophical—for a volume; and we commend any one of its aspects to persons having time to write, as subject-matter enough for a long review article. An editorial article in The Standard affords room only for a few of the leading thoughts.

Familiar as the subject is, in a superficial way, to every one, it was not until 1837 that our attention was first attracted to it as a study, when an English gentleman, a Doctor of Divinity, brought us letters of introduction from European friends, explaining the purpose of his American tour to be "to witness the glorious work of the Lord in Revivals, and to catch the flame himself."

This gentleman had always looked upon revivals as peculiarly American phenomena. But, though he desired to be a witness, he was neither disposed to examine dispassionately enough nor capable of discriminating accurately enough to be a very trustworthy witness. Indeed, if a Revival, instead of the modern American phenomenon he esteemed it, had been the very Ark of the Covenant that (as we read in the Bible) the Lord smote fifty thousand men for looking into, he could not more strongly have deprecated a searching, dispassionate observation. He "had been told, and he believed it, that this sort of barren, sceptical method was, of itself alone, a hindrance to the blessed work." The superstition that dictated his belief we did not share, though we knew how to sympathize with it. It is the same feeling that forbids the erection of lightning-rods and the study of geology. Leaving out all his adjectives as adding nothing in any way to his statement, we agree with him: Revivals *are*, in one respect, like table-turning, like self-examination, like life itself, of which they are a part; the same power cannot be exercised at the same moment in two ways so distinct as action and examination, propulsion and observation. It is as if the ploughman and the oxen should leave their stations, to see how it was that the share went through the ground. It would simply cease to go. Science stops emotion.

To prove that Revivals are as old as the world, and, in fact, a part of its constitution, we need only go back to Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage and the remotest Oriental regions, returning through their history to find the same phenomena, in different degrees of intensity, as constant as the revolutions of the world, and modified by its improvement; from the convulsed Pythoness of the Delphic Oracle, and the terrible voice

——"that in Phigalia roused
The Arcadian evocators"——

past the violent nervous seizures attendant on Roman electioneering (which they of these times accounted a disease, and named it the *morbus comitialis*), past the great revivals of Peter the Hermit, of St. Dominique, of St. François de Sales, of St. Ignatius, up to our own "Great Awakening" of 1740, under Edwards and Whitfield—and thence, quite up to 1835, in Woodstock, Vermont. A town-meeting was held in this place to repress extravagances, which do not seem, after all, to have been so very extravagant, as in the whole town only one individual became a maniac in consequence—perhaps was one previously.

It would be easy, but for want of room, to recount all the terrors, raptures, trances, seizures, frames, experiences and various action on the brain and nervous sensibilities, with most interesting biographical sketches of the great men, both "new measure" and "old measure," who, from that time to this, have felt and used the power. One might follow it in its escape from its eighteenth century form into its nineteenth, and show how popular physiological lectures have put it into other than ecclesiastical hands; and the field would everywhere be found rich with the profoundest interest, from the mere fact of having *never been fenced in*, were it that alone. For while we have here, in the United States, as always from their first settlement, a far higher degree of general knowledge, more broadly diffused than in other countries, we can hardly be said to have men enough to form a qualified class, by being at the same time learned enough, good enough, and far enough removed from the conditions of prejudice, to judge such things on their own merits, or, in fact, to judge comparatively and scientifically at all. Yet only such a class can morally seek and settle the grounds of opinion on this subject. On the other hand, we have, happily, no police, on which devolves the duty of abating any nuisance of noise and disorder, and protecting the subject from assaults upon the nervous system; such as camp-meetings and *very* violent revival meetings would, under some systems of government, be considered.

Only ridicule is here essayed, and that by the enemies of revivals—an instrument which, at its best, and in a friendly hand, is no test of truth; the very last by which to deal aright with any great subject where grasp, not point, is required, and entirely unfit to be applied to this greatest one, of the being of man.

We are not now blaming men for laughing at what is ridiculous; but deprecating the disposition that goes, for that especial purpose, into an assembly of persons seeking or having obtained excitement.

Neither are we of those who dread the extravagances more than we desire the benefits of revivals. While deprecating everything factitious, and detesting everything like moral jugglery, we affirm that it is proper and right—nay, indispensable, in the present stage of human advancement—to present to the human mind important considerations for the sake of awakening emotion. For (to use the language of one of the greatest English living writers) "the natural effect of all powerful emotion, after it has calmed down, appears in the strengthening and enlightening of the judicial, inventive and reflectiv faculties."

"Abolitionists of the Abolitionists," we are not of those to whom usage is more precious than improvement, custom than freedom, decorum than depth of feeling, and conventional proprieties than liberty of expression. The standard of taste and gracefulness and decorum differs in almost every sect and circle. We only demand sincerity and truth, and we are able to meet and sympathize with all in the deep emotions that lie at the foundation of human nature, knowing that what may at first strike us as singular and undesirable in the order or the lack of order of a meeting, may yet please and aid other minds in a way to us imperceptible; and the same is true of the anti-slavery meetings, which are new and strange to some others. A decorous Unitarian or Episcopalian, for example, sees for the first time an assembly of Abolitionists, composed of all sects, classes, races and conditions of men, each speaking in his own way as he finds utterance. He is a good deal discomposed at the opening reading of some dreadful outcry of prophetic denunciation against men who "sell a boy for a pitcher of wine and a girl for a pair of shoes," and who agree together to stand by each other in the iniquity. "Say not, a confederacy to all to whom this people shall say a confederacy!" "Your covenant with death shall be annulled and your agreement with hell shall not stand." They tell him it is in the Holy Scriptures, but he remembers nothing like it in the lesson of the day. It would make him laugh, if it had not first made him angry. It seems to him ridiculous. To us it seems sublime. The selection goes on, and it marks the height to which indignation against slavery had risen in the mind of a legislator who had seen his nation in bondage: "Whoso stealeth a man and selleth him shall surely be put to death." This he understands so little that he is ready to go away and make his affidavit that the speaker recommended cruel vengeance on the part of the slaves. He hears with astonishment that there is now "an opportunity for vocal prayer." He hardly understands the tongue, but half expects to hear a musical burst from "*Moise in Egitto*." Next he sees some great religious genius, who has transcended authority (like Slave-Commissioner Loring, though in a different sense), rise to reply to the skilful exegesis which claims Noah and Moses as slaveholders. "The gentleman talks to me of Noah: *who's Noah!* He cites to me the dispensation of Moses: *I don't know him.*" It seems to the startled listener irreverent. It seems to the audience sublime. The decorous old gentleman listens as at a play, while the meeting goes on. He sees an unfortunate woman take an hour's time to rave of wrongs she has endured for exciting a Methodist revival out of time and place—in a way, that is, that the will of the brethren did not uphold and allow. He thinks the audience but poor creatures, that they do not send her to a mad-house. But they are exercising the very highest degree of self-control and wise self-distrust. They are not doctors, trained to judge of health and disease in this delicate matter, and they refuse lightly to take away the character of a fellow-creature by a charge of madness. Again it is sublime, but the decorous conventionalist does not know it.

He sees a grand and graceful person, dressed not like a woman of the world, but plainly, like a great lady, rise on the platform to tell the audience the dreadful tale of the guilt of the American Church and the American State in sanctifying and legalizing the sin of slavery; and she adjures them, openly and boldly, to denounce it

ance. The successive uprisings of the Lutherans, the Calvinists, the Huguenots, the Puritans, the Wesleyans, the Abolitionists, are so many revivals of freedom; and, in so far as they have bound men together and led them upward and onward, they are all revivals of religion; and woe to them who try to traffic in the gift of the Holy Ghost!

The law in virtue of which a man makes another, by sympathy, into his own likeness, is one that obtains also over bodies of men. New material takes the character of that to which it joins company. Hence we seize the occasion to offer a needful and affectionate warning to the subjects of the present revival.

☞ *Do not join a Church which fellowships slaveholders, receives as good Christian brethren to its communion the pleaders for the longer continuance of slavery, and calls the Abolitionists infidels, for, whatever its claims, and pretences and professions, it is not a Church of Christ, but a synagogue of Satan.*

We cannot better conclude this brief inquiry than by ascertaining what has been, during all these twenty-eight hundred years, the feeling on these matters of our spiritual lineage, from the time of the Psalmist to the special interpreter between him and us, the poet Watts, whose accurate version of the fiftieth Psalm is, at this as at all times, instructive. We are obliged to go back to an edition of the earlier part of this century, to make sure that slaveholding religion has not expurgated it.

"Behold my covenant stands forever good,
Sealed by the eternal sacrifice of blood,
And signed with all their names: the Greek, the Jew,
That paid the ancient worship or the new.
There's no distinction here; join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heaven rejoices.

"Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain.
* * * * *
Can I be flattered with thy cringing bows,
Thy solemn chatterings and fantastic vows?
God is the judge of hearts: no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

"Unthinking wretch! and wouldst thou hope to please
A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these,
While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue
Thou lovest deceit and dost thy brother wrong.
* * * * *
In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends:
Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends.

Let us read, too, the 140th Hymn, of the First Book—the 1st, 2d, 3d and 6th verses.

"Mistaken souls! that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

"Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold an't dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living head.

"'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

"When from the curse God sets us free,
He makes our natures clean.
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin."

THE REVIVAL—IS IT GOD'S WORK, OR MAN'S?

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

It is sometimes to be regretted that a good cause is more injured by the indiscretion of its advocates than by some opposition of its opponents. Had it the faculty of audible utterance, its emphatic voice would be, "Save me from my friends."

A notable example of this evil is presented to us in the seventeenth resolution of the American Anti-Slavery Society, at its late annual meeting, in reference to "the religious revival," with which the God of salvation has favored us. The charge against this work of infinite mercy is that it "is manifestly delusive and spurious, exceptional cases to the contrary notwithstanding." The plain import of which is that the work *in general* is of the Devil!

Truly, if this is the case, a most wonderful metamorphosis has happened to that personage! Heretofore, it has not been the business, either of him or his coadjutors, to influence sinful men to acknowledge the claims of the Almighty to their love and service, and to humble their proud hearts before him in holy penitence, the genuineness of which is evinced by consistent conduct both towards God and man.

If, indeed, there are any of the professed subjects of this "religious revival" who have "expressly excluded the millions in bondage from all consideration," the verity of the charge that *their* profession is "delusive and spurious" ought not to be questioned. Had the resolution declared (as thousands engaged in this very revival have declared), "*we can regard no revival as genuine which leaves the subject of it with the lash of the oppressor in his hand, and his bleeding victim at his feet,*" * it would have met a cordial response in the heart of Christianity and in the heart of the writer.

I respectfully ask the author and endorsers of this resolution, by what evidence do they sustain the charge that this revival "has expressly excluded the millions in bondage from all consideration," and thereby manifested that it is "delusive and spurious"? To justify this odious accusation it is not enough to adduce the sayings and conduct of some individuals of pro-slavery character, who profess to be either the subjects or approvers of the revival. They must prove, at least, that the majority of those persons who have professed to be converted from the love of sin and the world to the love of holiness and God are guilty of this charge. Can they do it? Have any of them ascertained it by going to the North and the South, the East and the West, throughout the length and breadth of the land; or have they received reliable intelligence, concerning the thousands of the subjects of this great work, that the most of them are implicated in this sin? Have the men who (confessing their sins to God and man, and looking for the mercy freely offered to the penitent in Jesus Christ) have left the gambling house and intoxicating bowl, saying, "I am done with strong drink and gambling-houses forever, so help me God"—men who have exchanged the impious oath and obscene jest for songs of holy praise—men who have made restitution for fraudulent acts—is it matter of fact, I ask, that the greater part of the men, women and children who claim to be converted by the grace of God have nullified that claim by unchristian and inhuman conduct towards their brethren in bonds?

It is affirmed that the revival "has multiplied its converts as readily at the South as at the North." I thought that Abolitionists believed that men needed to be converted at the South. Let every conversion at the South be repudiated which brings no benefit to the suffering slave. Is it not premature to judge that such benefit will not, in many cases, be the result?

It is also affirmed that the revival "has received the sanction and cooperation of the most pro-slavery divines and journals in the land." So the devil sanctioned the declaration that Jesus of Nazareth was "the Son of God." Did this disprove the Father's testimony from heaven that he is so? Not only pro-slavery divines, but notoriously wicked men, are convinced that this revival is the work of God? Does their conviction prove it to be "delusive and spurious"? I ask my reader to open the volume, the inspiration of which is confirmed by the sublimity of its doctrine, its well attested miracles, and the fulfilment of its predictions, and see if this revival is not in harmony with the following divine testimonies. Acts 2: 17. Heb. 3: 2. John 3: 3, 5, 7. James 1: 18. 1 Cor. 6: 10, 11.

The climax of the error and absurdity of this resolution is found in its closing paragraph, which affirms that the revival "was evidently designed to strengthen a Church which is 'the bulwark of slavery,' and to divert attention from the work of practical righteousness." If so, it is, happily, a complete failure, for no man who is capable of discerning that there is other righteousness besides anti-slavery (though there is none which approves oppression) must know that this revival has influenced men and women, not to put on the form of godliness merely, but to "cease to do evil and (to) learn to do well."

Let us now consider, candidly, whether or not the facts in the case will sustain this impious charge.

Was there any previous convocation or correspondence of "pro-slavery divines," to concoct and adopt measures to bring men and women into their churches? Nothing of the kind. It is a remarkable feature of this revival (which has obliged us to recognize the fulfilment of the holy Word, "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord,") that it was not preceded by any extraordinary efforts on the parts of Christians, as have been in time past adopted. No ecclesiastical machinery of human device was put in operation. Simultaneously, to an unparalleled extent, throughout the land, sinful and dying men have been awakened to consider the claims of their Creator to their love and service, and their accountability to "the Judge of all the earth." They have obeyed the command of the Most High to "repent and believe the Gospel," and have obtained pardon and peace at the Cross of Jesus Christ. In the holy fear of the Lord, they have turned to righteousness from their evil ways, manifesting their love to God, whom they have not seen, by their love to their brother, whom they have seen. That some may profess to be the subjects of divine renewal of the Spirit of God whose religious exercises are entirely of a selfish character, is to be expected. That many have been "born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of ('pro-slavery divines'), but of God," is believed by multitudes who discern the spiritual "things of God." The angels of heaven, with sacred joy, have tuned their harps to higher notes of praise, while, with devout and adoring gratitude, the humbler worshippers on earth have exclaimed, "What hath God wrought!"

* See Address of the Convention of various Presbyterian Churches in the same STANDARD.

My heart beats in unison with the high and holy mandate, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof." I desire to appreciate the self-denying labors of love of all who are engaged to promote this cause. My firm belief is, that the only adequate means for the perfect accomplishment of this blessed object, so dear to our hearts, will be found to be the same sacred influences of the Holy Spirit of God on the hearts of men to which this glorious revival is justly attributable.

Permit me to close this imperfect article with the caution of faithful love. Let us beware, "lest haply (we) be found even to fight against God."

Yours for the slave, HENRY GREW.

Philadelphia, May 20th, 1858.

Editorial Remarks.

Referring the reader to Mr. Garrison's speech, in last week's STANDARD, as a sufficient vindication of the Resolution against which our highly esteemed friend has felt it his duty to protest, we will simply remind him of the indisputable fact, that the religion, of whose "revival" we have heard so much of late, is, in general, *none other than the popular religion of the United States*, under whose influence and protection slavery has grown to its present gigantic dimensions. Until that religion is radically changed, the "revival" thereof can be no blessing to the slave, but only a curse. If, in some cases, men have left the gaming-table and the groggery, that is so far good; but if such join themselves to pro-slavery Churches, their last state may be even worse than their first. But cases of personal reformation like these are comparatively few and far between, the great mass of the converts being of quite another sort. They are converted to *Church*ianity, not to Christianity—to a religion of creeds and forms, not to the Absolute religion of justice, righteousness and freedom. The American Church, with all its pro-slavery sins upon its head, is the tree, of which they are the fruits. The character of that tree is not now to be determined. It has borne the thistles and thorns of slavery heretofore, and, as we know it has not changed essentially for the better, we are sure it cannot now bear the grapes and figs of freedom.

OUR UP-COUNTRY READING-ROOM.

NO II.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: You received what I had to say about matters and things hereabouts so kindly last week that I feel encouraged to go on. The world goes on, crooked or straight, and it is a caution to watch it.

When we took up our little *Bee*, last night, from Boston, much endeared to us since the time of Banks's election, lo and behold! it was no longer the *Bee*, pure and unadulterated. It was the pale head of the old *Atlas*, overtopping our brisk little "Busy *Bee*," improving each shining hour; and here was Col. Schouler back again by the side of Mr. Pangborn, with a new opening address, which I concluded the Col. would be glad to have noticed, as they published it twice over.

At any rate, we agreed down to the reading-room to judge the new partnership by that address—for the present. Col. Schouler says he has been away a number of years. Well, we have been at home; and when he says the people of this great State feel as he does, we are able to tell him, "yes, only a little more so"; for we are not going, as he says we intend to, to measure ourselves *exactly* by our forefathers. No; we are going to try to do as much better than they did as they would do in these days, had they lived to see them—at all events, to keep our birthright of freedom. I was just making this observation, not, I beg you to believe, in this bald way, but with some fire and eloquence, to judge by their looks and the attention they gave me all round, when cousin Elbridge G. Plummer took me down and set the rest a-laughing by declaring that it was easier said than done, if we went back to the "*forrardest*" of the forefathers; and he told us to remember that there was a long chalk between them that came over here to keep their birthright, and them that could n't keep it after they got here, but peddled it out, little by little, down South. I doubled back the paper and showed them all the end of the Colonel's address—where he lays down, what we should say, if we were to speak, that no kind of the best victuals and drinks, washing and lodging, bed and board, in any kind of weather, should ever buy us up to be less free than our fathers.

"All very well," says Elbridge, wiping his eyes (for he has quick feelings, though full of his fun, too), "but as *I* remember that, in our old declamation-book, there was *more* to it. It went on in this way somehow (and Bill dealt it out, full strength): "If a runaway slave should come to thee with the blood of his master's son on his hands, shelter him, though the avenging army of the United States were behind him!"—and every man of us, Mr. Editor, was on his feet before he knew it, with his hat off, as if he had seen some great forefather's funeral pass.

But Bill soon cooled off, and slouched down into his seat again, and began to show us, in a mathematical sort of a way, that one of our birthrights was the right of asylum, and so on; and that our forefathers' sons were bound to stand by resistance to tyrants, as obedience to God, and so on.

He would not charge his memory either with the exact words from the declamation-book that had stirred us all up so, but said that was about the substance of it, and he was sorry Col. Schouler, had n't rounded off complete with it, at the end. But don't you see, said two or three of us at once, that he does say something to the same amount in the middle of the address, about slavery being evil—slavery *itself!*—that's a peg higher than he used to be. "Yes—yes," said all the rest at once, "he's sound. Ohio has done him good! he says it's a dog's work to hunt slaves, and that he won't do it. That'll do—that'll do—to begin with." And so the *Atlas and Bee* remains on our list.

Then we had out our *Independent*, and turned to the doings of the Tract Society. 'Twas just as we had expected. What can Dr. Cheever and Mr. Beecher do to reform the Tract Society till they are reformed themselves? You can't get them to denounce a pro-slavery Church, and say right up and down that it is a synagogue of Satan, as they ought to do; and as to refusing to fellowship slaveholders, why, it's Abolitionists they won't fellowship; and this being so, why, of course, they can't get any purchase upon the Tract Society or any Society at all. They can't bring themselves to bear against slavery with a power and with a witness. They merely roll, like Taunton water, down hill, if you dig a channel for them. They don't float in *quite* as fast as you dig. They are a *leetle* in the way. We looked in our *Independent* for the *Rejected Tract*, by one of your Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society—but no! the tide had swamped *The Independent*, and run over it, into a secular paper, and we were obliged to go to *The Tribune* for a sight of that work of grace. Not but what *The Independent* divides the word of truth very properly, in withholding donations, and holding on to membership. The Society isn't a Church. You don't sanction it, nor make Christ sanction it, by sticking by it. But what's the use of resisting the hind wagon wheel, while you're pushing on the fore one, and giving a blessing and God speed to the fellow with the goad, who is pricking the whole team on to the dogs? Quit the Church, *I* say; and depend upon it, it is not pleasing to God to see you helping the Rev. Mr. Blagden to seem a model Christian to the college-boys up our way.

I must impart to you, Mr. Editor, that we have an idea of gathering a little Library, and thought the American Cyclopedia would be good to begin with. A prospect of four-and-twenty great dictionary volumes, to come out in numbers, just suited our small means. We have got two of these already; and I took them home last night, to see what they were like, and I have run through the whole in a general way.

'Tis true I can't pretend to know much about what such a thing ought to be, and I had heard this praised up to the skies. May be I expected too much, or a different thing from what was proposed—but I am obliged to say I did not feel much informed, or so much refreshed as I had expected. So I turned to the preface, which I suppose I ought to have looked at first. There I found that the aim *was* moderate; and never being over-shot, of course the effect was moderate too. I don't know how it seems to you, but to me there seems something out of shape in the title, "*American* Cyclopedia." It almost contradicts itself, as if you said American eternity, or American truth. There was too much locality in it to be suitable, I thought. But perhaps it was more than wise to think so.

The upshot of all my thoughts about these kind of volumes is, that they fill your book-shelf better than they can your brain, or your heart either. And if you have but a poor hundred dollars to spend, don't spend them in Encyclopedias. I dare say this is as good a one as an American one can be. It is afraid to be otherwise than dull, and apparently doubts whether it is not a *duty* to be dull; whether briskness and impartiality can go together. I went too far when I said the aim was *never* over-shot; for this preface promised that the articles should never be spitefully personal. Now, the very first page I opened at was the one in the article on Mr. Agassiz, where it is said that Mr. Vaght is an atheist and a political agitator. I showed this to the folks down to the reading-room, and Bill remembered that this was the man that struck for Germany, in 1848. It was all in the newspapers at the time. Three cheers for him!—and who that has the heart of a man would have let that occasion go by without trying to improve it at least? "Atheist?" If Mr. Vaght calls *himself* one, well and good. Not unless. Mr. Agassiz has been thought one, till he declared he was not. The Cyclopedia made but a lame affair of that. It ought to have waited, if it had been ten years, to hear from Mr. Vaght, before letting that go in. To be true to its preface, it should have done so.

This stirred me up to try its impartiality a little. I turned to *Atheist*, and read it aloud. Don't you think, Bill, I said, you could have put it more plausibly, not to say stronger, for the Atheist? "I could," said he, "but God forbid I should." I asked him if he would not have been ashamed to have cheated truth out of a victory. He said he would not at least have promised impartiality; and he would have corrected some popular misapprehensions as to what is *not* atheism.

Taking the hint from the words political agitator, used in so offensive a sense, I determined to see what Abolitionists were called, and turned to "Anti-Slavery." There I found myself put off for seventeen volumes—seventeen years, for aught I know, to "*Slavery*." Anti-Masonry, Anti-Rent, Anti-Sabbatarianism, Anti-Scorbutic were all dealt out; but I have got to abolish slavery before I can have an article in my Cyclopedia about Anti-Slavery. Not so very American a one—and yet so very American too!

Why, on the principle of waiting the event, many of the Biographical articles should have waited awhile. Mr. Agassiz, Mr. Charles Francis Adams and Mr. Bates should have been postponed till *their* work was done, as well as Anti-Slavery.

Another thing struck me forcibly, showing the want of the promised impartiality in the biographical management; here is a literary genius—a student—a very able woman, who, after living a profligate life, has become grave and decorous at the age when passion has left her. And here's a literary student-genius—a very able man, who has lived the same sort of life, and *his* profligacy is not mentioned. Why this partiality?

Perhaps this sort of writing must always, like the field-rat's winter store of Indian corn, have its heart taken out for fear it should sprout; but it struck Elbridge and me that we had seen brisker books of the same kind, that didn't take sides nor say disagreeable things either. You may print this if you will, for it will have a tendency to do good to the coming volumes; and nobody seems willing to run that much of risk now-a-days, for the sake of doing other folks good, except your sort of folks. O. K.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXXIX.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent having been in New York, giveth the reason why—He traceth the effect of the Revival in the Repentance and Reformation of the Tract Society—He looketh forward to the struggles of the week in Boston—but hopeth for the best—He considereth the weight to be given to the denial of Mr. Byles of the Rejected Tract—And refuseth to accept it as against Rev. Elbert S. Porter and standeth by him—His intentions as to the North River, and how disappointed—His strictures on the behavior of the Weather and of the Sun—&c. &c. &.

BOSTON, May 24, 1858.

SINCE the date of my last letter I have ventured to steal a few days from my duty of incessant observation as your Correspondent and visit your city during the Anniversary Week. I wished to see for myself what changes the Revival of Religion which you have enjoyed for some months past had had upon the various aspects of that microcosm. I did not perceive any very obvious marks of amendment on the outward surface of affairs; but that it has not been without its gracious fruits may be well inferred from the action of the American Tract Society. The pious ministers and laymen constituting that incorporation of our piety certainly showed marks of the season of refreshing they had been blessed with. And, as the virtuous result was mainly owing to the efforts of the good men abiding in your regenerated city and the regions immediately round about, we may reasonably give the Revival much of the credit of so blessed a consummation. Had the Tract Society advanced from the position it took up last year, or had it even merely stood its ground, there would have been reason to apprehend that the Revival was one of those spurious ones which are got up by those busy-bodies in other men's matters who would disturb the relations of property at the South and the fraternal communion of saints throughout the country, and all for the sake of a quantity of squalid, ignorant negroes. But it having repented of the evil courses into which it was seduced by interested parties last year, and having made confession of the same and reformed them altogether, it may be well reckoned to have regained its Christian standing, perhaps even more firmly than if it had never fallen from grace.

The strength of our own Christian fortitude is to be tried this week, here, and by the same test. The branch of the Tract Society having its seat in Boston—though I believe, in point of fact, it is the parent stock of which the American Tract Society at New York is the offshoot—is to undergo the same persecution to which its sister, or its daughter, as the case may be, has passed through with you. I apprehend, from the greater prevalence of fanaticism in these latitudes, as well as from the greater facility the rural members have for getting upon the ground, that the victory of Conservative Christianity is not as probable as it was with you, before it was actually won. But by the same careful vigilance which was used in New York, by taking care that those persons we can depend upon are furnished with their tickets of admission in good season, and letting the troublers of our Zion get theirs if they can, we may compass a good working majority. In this way we may hope to see the Rev. Dr. Adams, who was pitched out of the pulpit window last year, invited to walk in at the front door and up the broad aisle, this time. It is understood that the bull is to be taken boldly by the horns, and is not to be allowed to toss and gore timid believers in the frantic manner permitted in past years. I have had it intimated to me that the high ground is to be assumed that the text out of which all this disturbance has arisen by reason of the forced glosses put upon it—"remember those in bonds as bound with them"—will have its true interpretation set forth and its meaning put at rest forever. This passage, so grossly perverted by malignant philanthropists, clearly enough intends to teach Northern Christians to remember that they are under the same obligation to implicit obedience to the masters of the slaves as the slaves themselves are. This doctrine once established, of course all these schismatic troublings of the peace of the American Church Universal must come to an ignominious end. You may rely upon having an authentic account of the course these vital matters take from me, if you are not furnished with one from some other responsible authority.

I see that Mr. Byles, the Correspondent of *The Tribune* in this city, to whom the authorship of the Rejected Tract was attributed by the Rev. Elbert S. Porter of the N. Y. *Christian Intelligencer*, as I told you in my last letter, denies that soft impeachment, and seems to be of the opinion that it may have been written by Mr. Charles K. Whipple, whose name it bears, after all. You probably can judge as well as I of the weight due to this writer's opinion; but I cannot think it entitled to counterbalance the deliberate judgment, made up doubtless after a full consideration of facts perhaps not open to the public, of so solid an authority as the Rev. Elbert S. Porter, especially when he adds to the clerical character that of editor of a Religious Organ. The bare word of a mere man like this Mr. Byles, whoever he may be, ought to be regarded with great caution when opposed to the declaration of one clothed in such a double panoply of godliness. Since writing to you last, I have learned, though with some difficulty, that this Reverend Gentleman is the ornament and prop of a Religious Connection known as the Dutch Reformed. Now, it is level to the meanest capacity that if this divine, invested with the additional function of organic editorship, should have deliberately affirmed that the Rejected Tract was written by one man, when he knew that it was written by another, he could not possibly belong to the Religious Connection which rejoices in his communion. He would clearly come within the category of the Dutch *Un*reformed, and would be a subject for conversion himself, instead of a sharp threshing instrument for the conversion of others. Until farther advised, I cannot admit the possibility of Mr. Porter's being in the wrong, and must still hold Mr. Byles under strong suspicion of being the perpetrator of this offensive work, notwithstanding his denial. Perhaps he did not choose to incur the opprobium of having written "a filthy and impure" tract, and probably he might not fancy being sent down to Blackwell's Island, in company with his accessories after the fact, Bishop Clark and President Wayland, for the crime of publishing an obscene work, and so employed this Mr. Whipple as his cat's-paw to pull his two hundred dollars out of the fire for him. The facts in the case, however, must come out in the course of the legal investigation which must follow the exposure by Mr. Porter of the actual character of this tract. I shall watch the development with great curiosity and interest.

I observed, two or three weeks ago, that *The Independent* mentioned another name in connection with this subject, that of your late Corresponding Editor, Mr. Edmund Quincy, of Dedham. Of course, I do not presume to speak for this eminent person, who is generally considered entirely competent to speak for himself, and who will take such action in the premises as he may think best. But I think that long familiarity with his writings and long acquaintance with his character—having been on the most intimate and friendly terms with him from his earliest years—justify me in saying that if the tract be of the "filthy and impure" character the Rev. Mr. Porter attributes to it, he could not have been its author. I do not think that anything in his writings, which have been tolerably extensive, though somewhat desultory, could be found to lay him justly open to the suspicion of the authorship of any work of an immoral and indecent nature. I freely admit that I have been unable to discover this element in the tract in question; but it by no means follows, because I cannot detect it, that it is not there. The nose of the Rev. Elbert S. Porter is, doubtless, better trained than mine to snuff out any hidden impurities, and I would not set up my acuteness of scent against his. And, besides, negative testimony is always of an inferior quality to positive. The testimony of one man who saw a particular thing is worth that of a dozen who did *not* see it. After the Rev. Mr. Porter has separated the offensive portion of the mixture and presented it, in a distinct form, to the public, we shall doubtless all of us discern what had been hidden from our eyes till then. The tract, therefore, must be taken to be guilty, until it is proved to be innocent. I do not believe, however, that the sagacity of my distinguished friend could have been at fault in a case of this kind, and therefore I have no hesitation in stating my disbelief of any report that should attribute such a work to his pen. I would cordially agree, at the same time, in the opinion accidentally expressed by *The Independent* as to his capacity to write edifying tracts, whether he were capable of writing this particular one or not. And I can conscientiously recommend him to the Publishing Committee of the American Tract Society as an "eminent hand," singularly qualified to manufacture wares suitable to their market, if they are in want of such wares.

I passed a little more than a week in New York, which I spent in a very satisfactory and, I hope, improving manner. I attended many meetings of a public nature, both by day and in the evenings, and I was not deterred from assisting at any because women happened to take part in them. I have no prejudice against the public ministrations of women, when they feel themselves drawn to such utterance, and I have generally noticed that the gatherings in which they take part are more lively and interesting than those of an exclusively masculine description. This, however, is not to be understood as committing me on the vexed question of Woman's Rights. I had intended going up the North River, to visit some friends who live along its banks, but the ill condition of the weather obliged me to change my mind. I waited a day and a half to give it an opportunity to reform its evil ways and take to better courses; but as it was obstinately bent on being sulky and lachrymatory, I would humor it no longer, and so came off on Wednesday morning. As I bowled along the New Haven Railway I thought at one time that it was going to aggravate its misconduct by clearing up just after it was too late for my purposes. The sun did actually put his face out from between the clouds, looking as smug as if just washed and shaved and ready for a day's pleasuring. However, he thought better of it, and soon drew the curtains, and has hardly shown his nose since. Indeed, he has behaved as ill as I could possibly desire, so as to reconcile me to my disappointment as much as may be. D. Y.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, May 24, 1858.

I HAVE said, in several of my late letters, referring to *The Press* of this city, that that paper was marked by a courtesy of manner and fairness of tone toward the Abolitionists not characteristic of the journals which its editor had previously conducted. The number, however, of the 17th inst. contains an article which not only does not sustain, but constitutes an exception to the truth of the general statement. The article is editorial in form and has its place on the first page. The writer, assuming, in the face of internal and external evidence to the contrary, that the reports of the annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery are true, proceeds, in a column and a half of strictures—strictures characterized by a large latitude of statement, and great freedom of personal criticism—to do what he can to confirm the injurious impression already made by these reports in the public mind. The responsibility of publishing this article rests, of course, with the acknowledged editor, but the credit of its authorship belongs to quite another person; and that person is not the graceful writer whose well-taught pen usually supplies the editorial matter for that part of the paper. The production bears about it certain earmarks which identify its author beyond controversy as an old acquaintance, turned up in a new place. That swagger—that air of self-complacence—that "see-how-I-can-do-it" chuckle, are not to be mistaken; nor that diarrhetic profuseness of words, and that loose-jointed ease in rhetorical gymnastics. On the contrary, they all point to one person, and assure us that we have in this new candidate for public favor an old stager heretofore well known to the community; one whose versatile genius and multiform achievements on other stages have, in times past and by turns, made him the admiration of all classes of the people.

But this supple-jointed gymnast, it will be noticed, likes to have the whole carpet to himself, and resents as an invasion of his peculiar province any attempt on the part of others to exhibit what he may choose to consider the same feats. He likes to give full swing to his own limbs, and the loosest rein to his particular "unruly," but if any one else claims to exercise the same privilege, forthwith his ire is excited, and, seizing the ring-master's long whip, he is after him with his would-be authoritative "what are you about, sir?"

There is a prevalent practical impression that "hard language" is the only sin that deserves hard language. The writer in *The Press* improves on this wisdom by the additional assumption that the misrepresented friends of liberty are the only proper subjects of derisive personal criticism.

I am reminded, in reading this article, of a circumstance that happened a good many years ago. Mr. Garrison, having had occasion to witness the performances of a certain nimble-tongued and well-known stump orator, instead of joining in the applause with which his achievements were greeted, looked on in his quiet way, and afterwards remarked, in *The Liberator*, that, in his judgment, the exhibitor was a "moral harlequin." These were hard words, and, "let slip," as they were, with the skill of an adept, they struck the object of their aim in his weakest point, and left a wound which has never yet been healed. Time has doubtless done something to modify it, but it is still tender; so much so that, at the bare mention of Mr. Garrison's name, it will sometimes open and bleed afresh. The sufferer, as a general thing, has been able to keep his pain to himself, but he never can see the man who inflicted it passing by without feeling the temptation to get behind the nearest fence and pelt him.

Now, I do not say that the wounded man is the same that now writes for *The Press*, for that is forbidden by the fact that the latter talks contemptuously of "professional reformers," which, in the former—considering the great variety of service his tongue and pen have undergone in behalf of different parties, societies, associations and individuals—would be a pitch of effrontery to which a man of his well-known modesty would surely not allow himself to be carried. While, therefore, the presumption that these two are one and the same person is not permitted, and while it would be improper even to entertain a suspicion of this kind in the absence of other evidence, it may, nevertheless, not be out of place here to suggest a friendly caveat to the owner of the paper in question as to how he allows a deserter from the anti-slavery camp to take the lead in his editorial columns. *The Press* has heretofore been regarded, and not unjustly, as an excellent newspaper, characterized by good sense and good manners. But if its columns are to be employed for the redress of private griefs, or for any other offensive use, to which a renegade Abolitionist, whether in affected sport or otherwise, may be at liberty to put them, then all I have to say is that it will no longer be an excellent newspaper, and will cease to be characterized either by good sense or good manners. If Abolitionists are to be criticized—and they claim no exemption—let their words, their actions, and, if need be, their personal character—*not as they are misrepresented to be by their enemies, but as they are*—be taken as the groundwork of animadversion. This, perhaps, might not so well subserve the private ends of individuals, or afford so much amusement to the public, as another course, but it would have, at least, the apology of conducing more to the advancement of truth, and of promoting better the interests of all classes of the people. If, however, the editor of *The Press* should not be prepared to carry his views of fairness to such an extent as this; and if he should still choose to consider it his duty occasionally to "pitch into" these intractable reformers, let him at least do it with his own straightforward pen, and not employ another to do the shabby work. His English is vigorous, if not gymnastic; and when he writes, he writes in earnest. Besides, he is open and above-board, and when he takes his ground; he sticks to it, and all know where to find him.

Excuse me, Mr. Editor, for trespassing so far upon your space with a single topic. I will try to make amends by not alluding to it again, unless a similar occasion should seem to call for it.

At the date of my last letter we were on the eve of our biennial municipal election. The choice of Alexander Henry for Mayor, which was at that time a probability of the future, is now an event of the past, and as such is a source of much satisfaction to the friends of good order. His majority over Mr. Vaux was 4,700, a large figure, indicating the extent and depth of the anti-Lecompton and semi-anti-slavery feeling of this community. Mr. Henry's administration thus far—the chief duties of which have been the appointment of new officers and the choice for retention of old ones—has, on the whole, I understand, given general satisfaction. Some of the Straight-Americans are said to be not very well pleased from the fact that the new Mayor does not shew the particular favor to that small but exacting class of patriots which some of them had allowed themselves to expect. Mr. Henry is an Old Line Anti-Slavery Whig, and not, I am pleased to learn, in any way tainted with new-fangled straight-out Americanism. His election cannot be claimed in any sense as a Know-Nothing triumph, and the impression prevails, so far as my observation has gone, that that short-sighted, dark-lanterned faction has had its day. It is pretty certain that next Fall and for some time to come the contest will not be triangular, as it has been for some years past. There will be but two parties in the field, the "Ins" and the "Outs." The "Ins," of course, will be the *Democratic party*, and the "Outs," including Whigs, Know-Nothings, Free-Soilers, Douglas-Democrats and still other opponents of the Administration, by whatsoever name heretofore called, will all be embraced under the comprehensive title of *Republican*, and, with banners so inscribed, will marshal their columns for the contest. What the formal platform of the party shall be is a matter now under discussion. Some seem to be in favor of confining the question to the single issue of "Popular Sovereignty." As this was the slogan under which the Republicans were whipped in 1856, perhaps there is supposed to be a virtue in it which will give them victory in 1860. In this city, I understand, it is pretty much settled that for the canvass of the coming autumn the only qualifications for office or membership that will be required will be opposition to minority constitutions and friendliness to a moderate tariff. This is certainly political virtue made easy, and, with so broad a road and wide a gate, it would be strange indeed if it should not be found that many would go in thereat. However, assuming, as the "Outs" do avowedly, and as most politicians do practically, that success is the first thing to be aimed at, I don't know but that their platform is well chosen.

I am glad you published, without loss of time, Dr. Cheever's admirable speech before the Abolition Society. It is a capital production, every way worthy a place in THE STANDARD, even to the exclusion of other valuable matter. I have rarely heard a man, with the exception of Mr. Garrison, use the Bible with as much effect in condemnation of American slavery. With such ministers as Dr. Cheever—I am only sorry there are so few of them—Abolitionists have no quarrel; on the contrary, such true-hearted friends of freedom it has always been their delight to honor. It may be a fact, as you intimate, that "a portion of Abolitionists" have been led to "question the Divine authority" of the Scriptures by the use to which a pro-slavery clergy has put them, but they have gone further than the point of *questioning* on this account; then there is a "portion of Abolitionists" who are much less logical than the great body to which they belong. There never has been a popular iniquity that has not been advocated by a popular clergy; and there never has been a popular clergy that has not claimed for the popular sin it advocated the sanction of the best books, and best men, and best institutions that ever existed. The advocates of slavery in this country assume for it the support of the Old and New Testament, of the example of good men in all ages, the dictates of nature and the approval of nature's God. The fact that they do so, however, is no reason why any sensible man should abate his faith either in the truth of the Scriptures, the value of a good example, the homage due to nature's laws or the reverent obedience which should be paid to Him who enacted them.

Our patriots are in great pother just now about "the right of search," and affect to be very indignant because in certain cases the British have boarded some of our vessels. For my part, instead of feeling outraged at these acts of our own transatlantic cousins, as one of the great family of mankind, I am very much obliged to them. Piracy is carried on to an enormous extent on the high seas, and I am glad that there is at least one nation that has the public spirit to keep up a strong police force for its suppression. We are under treaty obligations to do our part in this matter, but we refuse to perform our duty. On the contrary, we lend our flag to these piratical ruffians and do what we can to secure them immunity in their bloody trade. From our practices on sea and shore, and from the doctrines we avow everywhere, the presumption on the part of the British cruiser is not unreasonable, that every American flag he sees off the coast of Africa or near the shores of Cuba denotes the presence of a slave-trading pirate or a slavery-extending freebooter. I am glad, therefore, since we wont protect our own flag from the base uses to which it is put, that there is another nation that is willing to be at the expense and trouble of doing it for us. As for our going to war with England for this alleged insult to our national colors, it's all in my eye. Of all the possible things, that, in my judgment, is the least probable. M.

PERSONAL.

Dr. J. S. Rock, of Boston, was among the passengers in the Vanderbilt, which left this port for Havre on Saturday last. He is a colored man of fine abilities, and we trust the voyage will exert a favorable influence upon his health, now much impaired.

Senator Sumner, acting under medical advice, took passage for Havre, in the steamer Vanderbilt, on Saturday last. He hopes to be able to take his seat in the Senate at the opening of the next session of Congress, on the first of December. In a farewell letter to his constituents he says he would have resigned long since if he had not confidently expected to be able before now to discharge his Senatorial duties.

We record with deep regret the sudden death of Ellis Gray Loring, of Boston. He was one of the little circle that rallied around Mr. Garrison at the very commencement of the anti-slavery movement, and the cause is deeply indebted to him for faithful services in its behalf. Of late years he has been less active than formerly, but we believe he maintained his interest in the cause to the last. He was a lawyer of fine abilities and much beloved by a large circle of friends. He died of pleurisy, on Sunday evening last, at his country residence in Beverly. His wife and daughter were in Philadelphia, on a visit, when he was taken ill, and before they could return death suddenly deprived them of a loving husband and father. Many hearts are bleeding for them.

DR. CHEEVER'S masterly address, published in our last, has been published in pamphlet form, and may be had at this office. Price, without cover, 2 cents single; 20 cents per dozen; $1 50 per hundred. Covered, 3 cents single; 30 cents per dozen; $2 25 per hundred. It may be sent in the mail for one cent, prepaid.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION FESTIVAL.

THE undersigned, who have, for so many years, done what they could to promote the ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE, financially and otherwise, through the medium of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will, as usual, hold their (twenty-fifth) Anniversary at the close of the year, with the same purpose of still further strengthening the beneficial influences of that Society, moral, religious and political, for the extinction of slavery.

At the beginning, before the principles of the cause were understood, we could not, with the slightest hope of success, ask of the public, whose affair it is no less than our own, direct contributions of money. We therefore devised an Annual Bazaar for the sale of contributions of articles; and it afforded an opportunity of great usefulness, both financial and social, to the cause.

But the changed state of the public mind now suggests greater directness in the method and increase in the usefulness of this anniversary; and we propose, this year, to give our usual sums and take up our accustomed collections by direct cash subscription; and we entreat the friends, both at home and abroad, who have been wont to coöperate with us, to do the same, nothing doubting the result will much exceed the sum ($3,000) raised last year.

To our Southern friends we present this prospect with increased hope of their coöperation in consequence. For, as none better than they know what slavery and the daily increasing risks of its tenure are, so none have a deeper concern in seeking the most effectual means of putting an end to this common sin and suffering of our native land.

The money we have annually raised has been hitherto employed to sustain the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But, following the recent indication of the Executive Committee, in making individual efforts to place that paper on a self-supporting subscription basis, we shall enable them to devote the result of our *joint* financial effort to sustain eloquent and faithful lecturers, now so much needed, and in far greater numbers than heretofore.

By this plan we may accomplish double the amount of service to our cause, and thus furnish its friends and our own with a two-fold motive to continue and increase their contributions.

No words from us at this late day are needed to stimulate a *prudent* generosity by description of all the means that go to change the mind and the heart of a great nation on the central question of its policy; or to kind

Miscellaneous Department.

HOMEWARD-BOUND.

Are you sleeping—are you dreaming; are you dreaming, love, of me?
Or are you waking, thinking of your sailor on the sea?
Of the day we roamed by Athol woods—your hand fast locked in mine—
Of our day of happy, happy tryst on old Saint Valentine?

O Marion, O Marion, the gale is piping loud,
And the billows leap to mountains, and the foam lies like a shroud;
Far, far from land, alone I stand, to watch till it be day,
Mid the rolling of the thunder, and the dashing of the spray.

Sleep, sleep, my Marion—sleep and dream, my beautiful—mine own!
Sleep is the orphan's silent land, and thou, love, art alone:
Sleep, till the swelling branches bend into an arching dome;
Sleep, till the quiet leaves steal out to call the young birds home.

It is night, and storm, and darkness, Marion; flashing from the sky
Darts the fitful, lurid lightning, like a threat of God's great eye;
But dream thou 'tis the Norland gleam, the harmless Norland light
He sends but as the herald of the glory of his might!

Bless God, my darling, for the gift he dealeth unto thee,
Amid thy calm and sunny bowers, soft dreams of the wild sea;
And to me, whose glimpses of the land are beautiful as brief,
To me, the storm-tossed mariner, the love of the green leaf!

O doubly sweet my thoughts of thee upon the surging main,
And doubly dear the day shall dawn that brings me back again;
When I tread your cottage-garden—pluck the wild-flower from the wall—
With my arm around my Marion's neck—the sweetest flower of all!

Blow, blow, ye winds! blow fierce and strong! the heavens your breath command;
I care not, I, how fiercely, so ye blow to mine own loved land:
In the roar of the mighty waters my spirit shall rejoice,
So they drown not the glad music of my Marion's welcome voice.

'Tis by Athol that she slumbers—'tis by Athol that she strays;
O wait me, heavens! to Athol in the spring of the young days;
There once more my steps shall wander—with thy hand fast locked in mine—
By Athol woods, with thee, my Marion, on the old Saint Valentine!

E. L. H.

—Chambers's Journal.

THE WILD WHITE MAN.

In the year 1803, the British government, observing the successful progress of the convict settlement at Port Jackson, fitted out an expedition for the formation of a similar establishment on the southern coast of Australia. The great inland bay of Port Phillip had been explored during the previous year by Captain Flinders, in the Investigator; and his favorable report of the surrounding country greatly influenced the government in their choice of a locality.

The command of the expedition was given to Colonel Collins. The convicts—367 in number—were all males. Of these, only seventeen received permission for their wives to accompany them; and with the exception of seven little ones, who were too young to be left behind, their children were forbidden to undertake the long and dangerous voyage, which was then regarded with extreme distrust. A detachment of about fifty soldiers, with three lieutenants, formed the military guard; and various civil officers, four surgeons, and a chaplain and seven soldiers' wives, completed the *matériel* of the new settlement.

In these days of breathless enterprise, when our countrymen hurry to and fro over the whole earth, and undertake a voyage to the antipodes, or an expedition to the north pole, with equal coolness, it is interesting to note the gloomy forebodings of these early voyagers to the southern world. The means of so doing are furnished by the diary of the Rev. Robert Knopwood, chaplain to the expedition. "The land behind us," he writes, "is the abode of civilized people; that before us, the residence of savages. When, if ever, we shall enjoy an intercourse with the world is doubtful and uncertain. We are leaving the civilized world behind us to enter upon a career unknown."

The expedition sailed from Plymouth in the month of April, but it was not until October that the shores of Australia were descried. Collins and his officers chanced to land on a sterile and desolate portion of the coast; and after sundry disappointments, arising from the absence of fresh water, the barrenness of the soil, and other causes, a spot without the Heads—as the rocky barriers at the entrance of Port Phillip are termed—was selected as the site of the intended settlement. A more unfortunate choice could scarcely have been made; it was found impossible to subsist in such a locality; nor were they successful in their endeavors to discover a favorable district. Acting, therefore, on the discretionary powers where with he was invested by the government, Colonel Collins decided on abandoning Port Phillip, and steering across Bass's Strait. He eventually founded the penal colony of Tasmania.

But before this removal occurred, eight of the prisoners absconded. Five of these were subsequently recovered; but the others never returned, and were supposed to have perished of hunger, or to have been slain by the natives.

For thirty-two years, Port Phillip remained unsettled, and, in fact, was supposed to be unfit for the habitation of civilized man. In the interval, however, sundry partial explorations had taken place. Hume and Hovell had penetrated overland to the Geelong country; and the Sydney government had failed in a second attempt at convict colonization. Sturt had discovered the source and embouchure of the Murray River; M'Killop had ventured to Lake Omeo, and gazed upon the eternal snows of the Australian Alps; and Henty had established a whaling-station at Portland Bay. But the honor of practically demonstrating the capabilities of Port Phillip belongs to John Batman. In May, 1835, this gentleman sailed from Launceston, in Tasmania, and, landing on the western shores of the bay, at a point named by him Indented Head, he at once observed that the land in that region was excellently adapted for either tillage or pastoral uses. The natives were also very friendly; and having, by the aid of interpreters, been made to comprehend the object of the white man's visit, they cordially welcomed and granted him a large tract of land.

Delighted with the successful result of his enterprise, Batman returned to Tasmania for seeds and implements, leaving six of his men, with three months' supply of provisions, in charge of his newly acquired property. During his temporary absence, a strange event occurred.

The natives were so little alarmed at the presence of the whites as to mix freely with them, and often assisted them by various friendly offices, which were requited in kind. One day, however, a savage of fiercer aspect than usual made his appearance. He was very tall, and of monstrous bulk; his matted hair hung wildly about his shoulders, and his features were nearly hidden by the profuse growth of his beard. A loose "rug" or wrapper, made of the skins of the kangaroo, was his sole garment; and in his hand he carried a long and formidable spear, constructed of the close-grained wood of the country, and its point and rows of inverted teeth hardened by the action of fire.

As this uncouth being approached the tents, their inmates perceived with astonishment that his skin was of a tawny hue; whereas all the natives whom they had yet seen were black. This caused them to surmise that he might possibly be of European origin; and as he stood before them, evidently labouring under strong excitement, and apparently striving to speak, yet uttering no sound, one of them offered him bread, at the same time pronouncing its name. The poor fellow mechanically seized the proffered food, and endeavored to repeat the word. After reiterated efforts, and as many failures, a sudden thought seemed to strike him. His eyes brightened, he cast away his spear, and, stretching out his arm, with eager gestures, invited their attention to something marked thereon. On examination, this proved to be two letters, "W. B.," rudely pricked out and stained, sailor-fashion. These they sought to decipher. "W." said they for William. He smiled and nodded. "B." for Burges. He shook his head. Brown, Bruce, Ball—every name commencing with the second letter of the alphabet, that they could think of, was tried, with the like result; till at length, as by a mighty effort, their strange visitor burst into speech, and exclaimed with a genuine English accent: "W. for William, B. for Buckley."

Then they knew it was one of their own countrymen who stood in that wretched guise before them.

On Batman's return to Port Phillip, he was informed of this discovery, and, being a man of kindly disposition and feeling heart, he at once assumed the protection of the white savage. His first care was to shave and clean his *protégé*—a process which appears to have considerably lessened the duskiness of the latter's complexion. The kangaroo skins were dispensed with, and a more civilized costume substituted; but it was long ere he could walk in shoes without much discomfort. His first shirt—sewn by Miss Batman—was of Brobdignagian proportions, consisting of an incredible quantity of linen; and when he was set on horseback to accompany his protector, it was discovered that the stores of the settlers could not furnish stirrups sufficiently large to accommodate his huge feet.

By slow degrees, the reclaimed man recovered the use of his native language, and was enabled to communicate his history and adventures. It must not be supposed, however, that his reminiscences assumed the form of a connected narrative; on the contrary, they were extracted from him, not without difficulty, at various times. To the last, he was sullen and reserved, usually answering in monosyllables; and not unfrequently he manifested great anger on being questioned of his past life. He is also said to have varied considerably in his account of some particulars; but his habitual taciturnity, and imperfect command of language, probably caused him to be misunderstood by the retailers of his conversation.

His history, divested of the romance wherewith it has sometimes been clothed, is as follows:

William Buckley—for such was indeed his name—was born at Macclesfield, in Cheshire, in 1780. In early life, he followed the occupation of a stone-mason; but his great height—which is stated at six feet six inches—and stalwart proportions attracting the notice of a recruiting sergeant, he was easily induced to exchange the trowel for the musket, and accordingly enlisted in the 4th regiment. He had served but a short time in his new capacity, when he robbed one of his comrades; for which offence—such was then the severity of our laws—he was sentenced to transportation for life. This occurred in 1803, in the twenty-third year of his age; and it thus happened that he became an unwilling member of Col. Collins's abortive expedition to Port Phillip. When the order for removal to Tasmania was issued, Buckley, and two others, named respectively Pye and Marmon, feeling doubtful of their ultimate fate, effected their escape from the camp, as previously stated; and the vessels sailing shortly after, nothing more was heard of them.

What became of Pye and Marmon has never been satisfactorily ascertained. Buckley himself always evinced great dislike to being questioned about them, and seemed to regard the inquirer with much suspicion. It appears that the course taken by the fugitives was around the head of the bay; and Mr. Wedge, in his report to the Geographical Society of Tasmania, dated 1835, says that Buckley assured him that, in their flight, Pye became exhausted, and was left behind at the Yarra River; and that Marmon quitted him at Intended Head, with the avowed intention of returning to the camp. But there are many different versions of this affair. Sometimes Buckley averred that they were killed by snakes, and at others that they had lost themselves in the bush, and were never seen by him after. But the Australian wilds furnish no indigenous fruits capable of affording sustenance to man; and it is generally believed that hunger, and the difficulty of procuring food, induced a repast at which humanity shudders. Be this as it may, no vestige of their remains has ever been discovered.

After parting from his companions, Buckley appears to have remained alone some time. One day, however, disgusted alike with his solitary life and the precariousness of his means of subsistence, he wandered on the beach, anxiously endeavoring to descry some vessel, which happily might rescue him from his vast prison. His shoes had long since abandoned his feet, which now therefore left their imprint on the soft sand. As he strolled listlessly along, he picked up a fragment of a spear, and with this he waded amongst the rocks in search of shell-fish, now his principal food. Whilst thus engaged, he was observed by three native women, who, creeping stealthily down to the beach, imagined that they beheld in him their lost chief Murnagark, whom Buckley appears to have resembled in size and stature. The illusion was increased by the circumstance of his carrying the broken spear of the deceased warrior; and the colour of his skin excited but little surprise, being readily ascribed to the potent influence of the grave.*

The Delilahs of the forest having, in a manner, captured this unguilty Sampson, brought him, nothing loath, to the men of their tribe, who, in fact, had seen his footprints on the sand, and were already in search of him. He was immediately surrounded by a mob of yelling savages, and doubtlessly imagined that he was destined to be carved into collops for the gratification of his epicurean captors; but again his resemblance to the great chief befriended him. They examined his feet and hands—they eagerly scrutinized the spear, of which he had fortunately retained possession; and when they discovered on his side a scar, similar in appearance to one which had marked the body of Murragark, they deemed the evidence of his identity complete. Buckley, meantime, mistook their very animated gestures for so many tokens of their pleasure at his fleshly condition. A long conversation ensued, during which the name of Murragark was incessantly repeated. It ended, very much to his satisfaction, on their feeding, instead of eating him; and he was given to understand, by signs, that thenceforth he was never to quit his savage entertainers.

Accordingly, although treated with great respect, he was scrupulously watched by day and night. He was never suffered to fatigue himself with the exertions of the chase, nor to perform that infinitesimal amount of labor to which the natives of Australia unwillingly submit. His gunyah was reared for him, and his larder stocked with unwonted extravagance, by his savage friends. The daintiest morsels of the kangaroo, and the most juicy of opossums, the sweetest portions of the wombat, the whitest grubs of the mimoso, and the largest of gum balls, were his. His also the largest eggs and the finest fish—the richest berries and the most delicate roots. The rarest pigments were devoted to his use, and the warmest skins were added to his wardrobe.

Thus, from a state of abject misery and utter loneliness, Buckley was suddenly elevated to a species of savage royalty, and held in reverential awe as the restored Murragark. For some time, the only perceptible fluctuation of public opinion was the occasional outburst of cannibal propensities, when his wild subjects seemed to survey his colossal form with much peculiar admiration.

Buckley's domestic comfort was also duly considered, and a dusky, but buxom, young widow was assigned to him, by the consent of the tribe, as his lubra, or spouse. For a time the pair enjoyed the utmost felicity of which two strange turtle doves were capable. But this lasted not long; for, according to Buckley, the honeymoon was scarcely over, when his hut was one night invaded by sundry native gentlemen, who, claiming a prior right, forcibly carried off the bride. Much violence does not appear to have been offered, nor were the husband's feelings greatly lacerated by this stroke of fortune. He acknowledged, indeed, that his lubra went very willingly, and that he did not "make a fuss about the loss." But the natives seem to have taken a widely different view of the affair; for, irritated probably at this practical disparagement of their own judgment, at the lady's faithlessness, and the injury inflicted on their white friend, they speared both the frail one and her lovers.

But if Buckley's first companion was insensible to his charms, there were other hearts more tender and more true. A gentle damsel, of the same tribe, of her own accord visited his solitary home, and sought to soothe and please the forsaken stranger. Nor were her efforts unsuccessful. Buckley, at various periods, had many wives, but he always expressed himself in more favorable terms of his second partner than of any other. On the sea-shore, near Point Lonsdale, is a natural cavern, in the limestone rock, which is said to have been the abode of the wild white man and his mate during this portion of his eventful career.

It has been doubted whether Buckley had any children. By those who knew and conversed with him, this point is diversely stated; some declaring positively that he was childless, but others, and the majority of evidence is on this side, speak of sons and daughters. When reclaimed, in 1835, he had with him two lubras, and a boy and a girl; but he always spoke of these as adopted children.

Many other particulars were at sundry times extracted from him, and have been worked up, by Mr. Morgan of Hobart-town, into a long and interesting narrative. In it are numerous details of native feasts and fights, of hunting and corrobborees; but, as might be expected, there is a great paucity of actual events. Occasionally, he seems to have lost a portion of the influence he ordinarily exerted over his black friends. Whether their faith in his involuntary personation of Murragark sometimes became weak, or was overpowered by hunger, we know not; but he averred that for some years he constantly expected death. The young men, he said, were for killing him; but the elders of the tribe always interfered to save his life. He appears to have taken matters very coolly; and if he possessed, he certainly never attempted to exert the magic of civilized intellect, nor sought, by the communication of useful arts, to improve the condition of his savage associates; on the contrary, contented apparently with the gratification of his animal appetites, he willingly sunk to the dead and dreary level of Australian barbarism. Like his untutored friends, he fed on raw or semi-roasted flesh, clothed himself in the skins of beasts, and, acquiring the native dialect, ceased even to think in his mother-tongue, until, as we have seen, he had totally forgotten its use. Once or twice, he said he saw ships enter the bay; but he does not appear to have made the slightest effort to attract the attention of their inmates, nor in any way to extricate himself from the degrading position into which he had fallen, until Batman firmly planted his foot upon the soil.

Such was the poor lost creature whom, after thirty-two years of savage life, the early colonists of Port Phillip restored to civilized society; and, it is proper to add, that his own delight, when he was enabled to comprehend the change, was unbounded. "Nothing," says Mr. Wedge, "could exceed the joy he evinced at once more feeling himself a free man, received again within the pale of civilized society."

However he may have been deficient in other qualities, ingratitude was clearly not one of Buckley's faults. Both Batman and Wedge concur in stating that he exerted himself greatly in maintaining amicable relations between the natives and the colonists. To the former gentleman—his constant friend and patron—he was much attached; and when informed of his death, it is recorded that "he threw himself on the bed and wept bitterly."

Buckley's subsequent career is soon told. A free pardon was, at his own urgent desire, procured for him from Colonel Arthur, the governor of Tasmania; and he was appointed native interpreter, with a salary of £50 per annum. In this capacity, his services were in great request; and when Sir Richard Bourke came down from Sydney to survey the new colony, Buckley was selected to accompany him in his tour through the country. But his position soon became uncomfortable. Serious disputes broke out between the settlers and the native population. The latter committed many robberies, and at length speared two of their white neighbors, whose graves, on the Flagstaff Hill, near Melbourne, are still religiously preserved. We have no record of offences on the other side, but doubtlessly the whites were not blameless. Buckley, who could not forget the kindness of his old friends, refused to interpose between the contending parties, declaring that the hostility of the blacks was solely attributable to the misconduct of the colonists. Fearing, therefore, that he might relapse into barbarism, Batman resolved to send him out of Port Phillip; and accordingly, in 1836, he was induced to embark for Hobart-town, where he resided during the remainder of his life. His figure and strength obtained for him the post of constable, which he held many years. Subsequently, he was employed as assistant-storekeeper at the Immigrant's Home, and, later still, as gate-keeper of the Female Nursery.

In his sixtieth year, Buckley, again venturing on matrimony, contracted a union with the widow of an immigrant. In 1850, the Tasmanian Government bestowed on him the insignificant pension of £12 per annum; and in the following year, Victoria having been separated from New South Wales, and erected into an independent colony, its legislature voted an additional annuity of £40.

Endowed by nature with an iron constitution, which his wild life no doubt materially assisted to strengthen, Buckley enjoyed vigorous health almost to his latest hour. His death was occasioned by accident. In January, 1856, he was thrown from a vehicle, and received such severe injuries in the fall that in a few days he breathed his last sigh, at the advanced age of seventy-six.—*Chambers's Journal.*

* The superstition here alluded to is very prevalent amongst the Australian aborigines, who imagine that the whole of the white population are their deceased brethren. For a supposed restored friend, they testify great affection; but it is very unpleasant, and not a little dangerous, to be mistaken for a departed enemy.

CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY.*

THE LIZARD.

Mr. Buckland seems very fond of the beautiful little lizard *(Triton punctatus)* or water-eft. He gives a lively description of a good day's sport he had in fishing for them, of their habits when confined in his crystal vivarium, and of the conjugal quarrels in which they indulged at dinner-time. The body of the little creature is spotted with olive, and tinged with a beautiful orange hue, and his back shows a finny crest tipped with violet. Mr. Buckland mentions that, in the imprisonment of his crystal palace, the crest was speedily absorbed, and the brilliant colors tarnished. It is always so; captivity miserably lowers the towering crest of humanity itself. Lizards are oviparous; but, unlike those of frogs, their eggs are individually deposited, and ingeniously glued up in the folded foliage of aquatic plants. It requires a very practised eye to distinguish the tadpole of the lizard from that of the frog, although the final metamorphosis is not so complete. The tail of the lizard tadpole does not disappear, but remains long and large in the adult lizard. As in the case of toads, there is an acrid fluid of an offensive odor, secreted in the glands of their skin, and no dog cares to hold a lizard long in its mouth. They are tenacious of life, but are easily killed by sprinkling salt over them. Mr. Buckland diversifies his own observations on lizard-life by the following narrative:

"With reference to killing lizards by means of salt: I was lately told a wonderful story by a raw Lancashire man. It appears that, once upon a time, there lived a man whose appetite was enormous; he was always eating, and yet could never get fat. He was the thinnest and most miserable of creatures to look at. He always declared that he had something alive in his stomach, and a kind friend, learned in doctoring, confirmed his opinion, and prescribed a most ingenious plan to dislodge the enemy—a water-newt, who had taken up his quarters in the man's stomach. He was ordered to eat nothing but salt food, and to drink no water; and when he had continued this treatment as long as he could bear it, he was to go and lie down near a weir of the river, when the water was running over, 'with his mouth open.' The man did as he was told, and, open-mouthed and expectant, placed himself by the side of the weir. The lizard inside, tormented by the salt food, and parched for want of water, heard the sound of the running stream, and came scampering up the man's throat, and, jumping out of his mouth, ran down to the water to drink. The sudden appearance of the brute so terrified the weakened patient that he fainted away, still with his mouth open. In the mean time the lizard had drunk his full, and was coming back to return down the man's throat into his stomach; he had nearly succeeded in so doing, when the patient awoke, and, seizing his enemy by the tail, killed him on the spot. I consider this story," concludes Mr. Buckland, "to be one of the finest strings of impossibilities ever recorded" (p. 35).

Why so, Mr. Buckland? We have our "historic doubts." If we remember rightly, Hunter, and other high authorities, tell us that the stomach has no power at all to act on living substances. The lizard was alive. But the continuous confinement must have killed the creature. How do you know the confinement was continuous? It is clear enough that your Lancashire *chawbacon* slept with his mouth wide agape. At night plainly the lizard quietly crept out, exercised itself in the bedroom, slaked its thirst out of the water *carafe*, and on the first appearance of blushing morn, "scampered" off to its ventral dormitory. Such is our view, provoked no doubt by your cynical Pyrrhonisms, but in any event we deny your right to regale your readers with such a narration, and instantly to deride it as "strings of impossibilities." The little creature is assuredly possessed of a remarkable power, if not of preserving life in difficult stations, at least of recovering portions of its body which it may have lost. If a limb is amputated, a new limb will bud forth and supply the lost member. Nay, if an eye is obliterated, it will be reproduced. This is nearly as marvellous as what takes place in the case of the Hydra, of which, when cut in pieces, each piece becomes a complete animal. But wonderful as these facts are, they seem trivial when compared with the extraordinary property of the new zoophyte *Synapta Duvernæa*, lately discovered by M. Quatrefages. This creature can subsist by self-consumption. In famine it eats away at itself. By successive amputations the body is devoured, and life is limited to the citadel of its head. (See *Rambles of a Naturalist, &c.*)

THE CHAMELION.

Mr. Buckland seems attentively to have observed that very singular creature, the chameleon.

"I had a couple at Oxford," he writes, "and tried several experiments, placing them on different colored cloths; the variety of colors they can assume is not very great. They unfortunately soon died, my servant having put the box in which they were kept in a very cold place. They are very passionate creatures. Mr. Madden writes, I trained two large chameleons to fight; I could at any time, by knocking their tails against one another, insure a combat, during which their change of color was most conspicuous. This change is only effected by paroxysms of rage, when the dark green gall of the animal is transmitted into the blood, and is visible enough under its pellucid skin. The reason here given to account for the change of color is not very satisfactory. It has been said elsewhere to be caused by the injection of the blood-vessels of the skin; but Mr. Queckett tells us that he has injected many chameleons, but has not found the blood-vessels of the skin by any means numerous or capable of dilation" (p. 41).

The change of color to which the chameleon is liable seems dependent on excitement and health, and in a great measure on climate; but the cause of the phenomenon is obscure and by no means determined. But this singular creature is characterized by a much more remarkable peculiarity than its varied and changing color. It seems not to be homogeneous; at least, betwixt the two sides of the body there seems a lack of sympathy. One eye may be looking straight forward, while the other is looking as directly backward. One may be entirely asleep while the other is wide awake. And this kind of independent and separate action applies to each side of the creature—to its limbs. It cannot swim, because its limbs refuse to act in concert. Could the two sides understand one another, and agree on a prescribed course of action, it might always be awake, or half awake. But it gains nothing by its unilateral independency; the two sides are like two horses that wont work in harness. It seems strange, with such a peculiarity, that on trees, or *terra firma*, the creature should be able to make any progress. But as the two sides are fed by one mouth, and as the insect tribes refuse to come to it, so they seem, in regard to all culinary matters, to agree to sink their differences and to move in harmony. The stomach is a potent harmonizer, and thus a divided and obstinate jury are often starved into a unanimous verdict. In the chameleon, Lord Palmerston may find an argument against the double Government of India. But it would be a dangerous illustration. The member for Bucks might retort, that in the chameleon we had the perfect type of our Prime Minister—the same mutability of hue—the one eye looking forward and aloft to Conservatism, the other averted obliquely to watch the movements of Radicalism—the glutinous tongue skilful in capturing the "insect youth" of the House—and above all, the prehensile tail, capable, in perilous circumstance, of ministering support. But avaunt Politics! Such a vulgar theme should not be allowed to profane Nature's benignant domain. Moreover, we wrong the chameleon; for, unlike our politicians, it does not change sides. We have hung long enough delighted over Mr. Buckland's "horse-pond," and must tear ourselves away from it. He found almost every kind of creature in it but a horse; and why he should have called it a horse-pond seems inexplicable, unless from the author's connection with the Horse Guards.

RATS.

Mr. Buckland's second disquisition is on "Rats." He is great on rats. Rats are clearly his forte—a frog even has no charms for him if a rat of *recherché* variety presented itself.

There is an overflowing opulence of information in Mr. Buckland's tractate on rats, and it is written manifestly *con amore*. It is a perfect Thesaurus of rat-literature, containing copious and curious details regarding the early history of the family—regarding the fatal invasion of the island by the Norwegian brown rat, under whose tyrannical sway the aboriginal black rat has well-nigh disappeared; regarding the public and private life, the habits social and domestic, the intellect, morals, and educational capabilities of rats; and the natural history is pleasantly interspersed with rat adventures. The old English race of black rats seems on the eve of extinction. The author of "London Labor and London Poor" was informed by a man who had wrought twelve years in the sewers before flushing was general, that he had never seen but *two* black rats. One of Mr. Buckland's informants, who had charge of a Bermondsey granary, speaks more hopefully. In his favored locality he saw black as well as brown rats, "great black fellows," said he, "as would frighten a lady into *asterickes* to see of a sudden."

"My friend, Mr. Coulson, of Clifton, Bristol," writes Mr. Buckland, "most kindly sent me up five beautiful black rats from Bristol. They were in a large iron cage, and when excited, moved about the cage more like birds than rats. I never yet saw other creatures with four legs so active as they; their tails are remarkably long, and they use them as levers to spring by when about to jump. Opening the cage to examine them, one escaped, running under my hand. It took myself, three other persons, and two dogs, three-quarters of an hour hunting in my room to catch him again, so active was the little brute. We were obliged finally to kill him to get at him at all; one of my friends very appropriately called him 'black lightning'" (p. 61).

There is a popular prejudice widely prevalent that rats are vermin; and all who are laboring under that delusion will read Mr. Buckland's essay with a kind of bewildered surprise. The fact is, our author contemplates the race from a different stand-point from that of the vulgar, and writes of them quite affectionately. He seems to have kept his apartments at Oxford swarming with them. He sat surrounded with black, brown, white, and piebald rats. "One of the latter," says Mr. Buckland, in a tone of quiet triumph, "is now sitting on the writer's table, washing and cleaning himself with his little white paws." Seldom has any author been privileged to write so directly under the presiding influence of his subject. What, with rats, and frogs, and tadpoles, and lizards, and many-coloured chameleons, rarely furnished rooms Mr. Buckland's must have been; and so encompassed with his living themes, one need not wonder that he writes enthusiastically.

In prosecuting his investigation, Mr. Buckland necessarily had somewhat to cultivate the acquaintance of rat-catchers, and the exhibitors of "happy families." We know from observation, that in the study of natural history, a snobbish *hauteur* may prove an insuperable bar to progress. Rat-catchers have a natural history as well as rats. Perhaps the most remarkable peculiarity by which they are distinguished is the very elevated and sublime view which they have of the dignity and responsibility of their calling. Mr. Shaw, the eminent rat-catcher, in his little book, as quoted by Mr. Buckland, writes: "My little dog Tiny, under six pounds weight, has destroyed 2,524 rats, which, had they been permitted to live, would, at the end of three years, have produced 1,633,190,200 living rats!"

The stupid public don't think of these things, and continue blindly ungrateful to their greatest benefactors. Very many years ago a dashing rat-catcher cultivated the northern part of this island. He rode a high-bred horse, and spoke high English. On a fine summer day he rode up to Cultoquhey, in Perthshire, and offered the laird the benefit of his services, who declined them, remarking, at the same time, that he believed there were no rats about the place. "No rats about the place!" responded the gentleman on horseback, "I know that your place is overflowing with rats, and if their machinations are not arrested, they will undermine the whole navigation!" Having thus delivered himself, he wheeled about majestically, and cantered off, pitying the lamentable ignorance of the squire.

SNAKES.

Mr. Buckland's third essay is headed "The Cobra di Capello," in which he expatiates on the serpent brood, innocuous as well as venomous, in his usual pleasant and discursive style. He describes well the beautiful structure of the snake's vertebræ, and numerous ribs, which it uses in some measure as feet, and by the successive advancement of which it moves forward.

The mouth of the snake is capable of immense expansion, arising from a singular peculiarity in the mode in which the bones of the skull are attached. The lower jaw, which is unusually extended, is not hinged to the upper, but fastened to it by elastic ligaments. The whole structure, throat, and stomach, admit of great dilatation; and hence their extraordinary powers of deglutition and their ability to swallow such large victims. Mr. Buckland, in his enthusiasm, must cultivate a personal acquaintance with snakes. He experimented on the poison of the cobra, and made a narrow escape of being himself poisoned. He had subjected a poor rat to the poison-fang of the snake, and in examining the dead animal, some of the diluted *virus*, after circulating in the rat's body, entered a small scratch on his finger, from which he suffered all the horrid sensation and pain of one poisoned.

Mr. Buckland seems nearly to have poisoned others as well as himself. Having received some eggs of the common English snake, he placed them on a shelf in the greenhouse, in the hope that the heat would hatch them. A young lady from the nursery, mistaking them for sugar-plums, made a repast on them, and suffered thereby.

A true daughter of Eve, no doubt; but had Mr. Buckland any right to tempt the little maiden, by exposing, in such an accessible spot, such tempting likenesses of sugar-plums? In truth, Mr. Buckland, we can well believe, from the nature of his pursuits, must have been a somewhat dangerous inmate in most households: and it might have been prudent and pleasant for the other members of the family, not in love with lizards, rats, toads, and serpents, to have had him and his *reptilia* domiciled in the outer barracks.

FISH.

Mr. Buckland's next paper is entitled "Fish and Fishing." A lover of "the gentle art," a genuine disciple of quaint Old Izaak's, will be quite disappointed with Mr. Buckland's piscatorial essay. He is evidently no angler, and has never experienced the influence of the passion. He gives a rare description of a gudgeon fishing expedition on the Thames, in which he and two friends indulged. They embarked in a punt, in which punt three chairs were placed, and three fishing-rods, and an iron rake. The owner and pilot of the punt baited the hooks, altered the floats when necessary, and took off the captured fish; while the three anglers sat with great dignity on the three chairs wielding the three rods. The picture was complete. The master of the craft raised up mud with the big iron rake. This was the great feat of dexterity on which the anglers' success seemed to depend. The Thames, muddy enough at any time, became thickened into gruel around the punt. The stolid gudgeon became animated by the perturbation—rushed into the cloudy element, got mystified, and swallowed the bait. When a fit of shyness came over them, Charon, the cloud-compeller, "scratched their backs," as he expressed it, by raising up the mud anew. The cuttle-fish discharges its inky fluid, and, veiling itself in a propitious cloud of its own making, ingeniously escapes the impending peril. The silly gudgeon swims into the muddy element, and loses its way and its life. Mr. Buckland's two friends were salmon-fishers, and one of them, not unconscious of the indignity cast upon his noble art, tried to cover the degradation of his position, by heroically exclaiming that there were but two kinds of fishing—"salmon-fishing and gudgeon fishing." To be catching stupid gudgeon, out of a stupid punt, in the stupid Thames, was no doubt sufficiently humiliating to any one who had been wont to lure the silvery monarch from his haunts, to hang over the bright flowing Tweed, or the regal Tay, rolling through the fair valley, or bounding from the parent lake, a giant strong and vehement at the very moment of birth.—*Blackwood.*

* Curiosities of Natural History. By Francis T. Buckland, M.A., Student of Christ's Church. R. Bentley: London, 1857.

THE SPANISH DILIGENCE.

If Spain has made little political progress during the quarter of a century that has nearly elapsed since she threw off the trammels of absolutism, it were unjust to deny that, as regards material improvements, she has been less stationary. For these improvements she has been in great measure indebted to foreigners, but nevertheless they exist, and the traveller feels the advantage of them. Thus, in the matter of diligences, there is no comparison between those of to-day and those of fifteen or twenty years ago. The vehicle in which we were was roomy, commodious and well hung; and its pace was tolerable, considering the heat of the weather and the inequalities of the road. Spanish and French diligences are driven on quite different principles. In France you go slowly up hill, and rapidly down—dangerous speed being guarded against, in the latter case, by pressure or drags upon the wheels. In Spain, on the other hand, any moderate ascent is the signal for a gallop. The whip cracks; the mules are invoked by their names, and powerfully cursed: sometimes the *Zagal*, getting into a sort of frenzy, confides the reins to the conductor, jumps down, double-thongs a lazy leader, and even picks stones from the ground and pelts his team. As long as these irregular kinds of stimulus do not overshoot the mark, drive the cattle off the road, and upset the coach down a bank, all goes well; the summit is attained at a swinging pace, and the beasts recover breath during a leisurely trot along the level. But, at a descent, the *modus operandi* is quite different, and it is then often more difficult to keep the mules or horses back than to get them forward when rising a hill. Perhaps it is from a deficiency of mechanical appliances that, on going down-hill, the wheelers always seem to have a painful and dangerous struggle to prevent the heavy-laden diligence from running over them. The driver holds them in, soothes and encourages them with his voice, and the poor animals bear back with all their strength; but it frequently seems to be nearly an even bet whether they shall be able to hold up against the immense downward pressure, or have to run for their lives in front of the monstrous dead-weight which is in a greater hurry than they are to get to the bottom—a fearful sort of race, whose issue, on a long descent, could not be doubtful, and must end in a general smash. The case is, of course, much worse if the leaders are hot-blooded and anxious to go ahead, for over them the driver, according to the Spanish mode of harnessing, has little or no command. At the last relay, before reaching Pampeluna, six eager horses were put to our diligence, two and two. It was near sunset, and, in hopes of a mouthful of fresh air, and also the better to see the country, I got on the seat beside the driver, who was a little, active, determined-looking fellow, smartly dressed, as postilions are wont to be whose daily duty it is to drive into a capital. "*Cuidado!*" the conductor said to him, as he gathered up the reins—"have a care, and no running away, like the other day." The other nodded knowingly, and just then the horses' heads were let go, and they were instantly all over the road, plunging in every direction, until they started off at a tremendous pace. The road was pretty level, and it did not matter; but a long line of undulations was before us, some of them rather steep, although short. The little, vicious looking zagal set his teeth, planted his feet firmly on the footboard, and seemed prepared for a life-and-death struggle. The conductor appeared uneasy, and kept muttering his eternal *Cuidado! cuidado!* of which the driver took little heed, merely shrugging his shoulders, as if he thought the injunction quite superfluous. We went up a hill at the same furious pace. From the top a descent began, and with it a really frightful struggle between the postilion and the wheelers on the one hand, the leaders and the weight of the diligence on the other. The latter beat; the little zagal got black in the face from exertion, the wheelers were almost out of harness, and under the wheels, in their efforts to bear up; but it was no use; we went down that hill, up another, and down a third, all at the same mad gallop, fairly run away with, the diligence—whose weight must have been very great, for it was crammed with passengers and heaped with luggage—literally dancing along the road, and rocking so that I expected it each moment to go over. The peril passed, however; the horses were at last pulled up, but it was thought necessary to adopt a new plan of proceeding. The conductor took the reins, and the zagal hooked himself on in some way to the side of the diligence. When we came to a descent, he jumped down, and hung to the heads of the foremost pair of horses, suffering himself to be dragged along by them, sometimes with his feet off the ground, but succeeding in checking their ardor and speed. And thus, without accident, *quittes pour le peur*, we at last entered the town of Pampeluna.—*Blackwood. Art.: "From Spain to Piedmont."*

FREIHEIT DIE ICH MEINE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF M. VON SCHENKENDORF.

Freedom! as I love thee, so appear to me—
Like a glorious angel, heavenly fair to see;
Oft thy gallant banner has been stained with gore;
Yet amid the stars it shines for evermore.

In the merry greenwood beams thine honest face,
Under clustering blossoms is thy dwelling-place;
'Tis a cheerful life, when Freedom's happy voice
Makes the woodland ring, and bids the heart rejoice.

Up from gloomy caves, from dens of darkest night,
Up the soul can rise to realms of heavenly light:
For our country's altars, for our father's halls,
For our loved ones we can die, when Freedom calls.

Freedom! as I love thee, so appear to me
Like a glorious angel, wondrous fair to see;
Freedom! dearest treasure, noblest gift of God,
In our dear old country make thy long abode.

—Dublin University Magazine.

PROGRESS OF EMANCIPATION IN RUSSIA.

Correspondence of The Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 17, 1858.

Two Ministers have resigned, and have been replaced by persons of a character that will give us an accurate insight into the intentions of the Emperor. A change of Ministers in Russia is something so uncommon that the occurrence is spoken of in circles which until lately were ignorant of the existence of high functionaries called Ministers aside from the Emperor's Adjutant-Generals, which rank is, indeed, held at present by most of the Ministers. But now two of them resign their offices who are not Adjutant-Generals, and one is already replaced by an Inspector of the Moscow Educational District, who had not the slightest claim to the office either by his antecedents or his relationship to an Adjutant-General. These things are perfectly incomprehensible to the great mass of the people. The flattering letter of the Emperor to the former Minister of Finance, Peter Feodorowitch Brock, said but the truth, when it bestowed unqualified praise on that statesman for his management of affairs. His wisdom carried Russia safely over the dangerous experiment of the last war, so that millions were left to be expended in the Imperial Coronation at Moscow. He overcame the ill-will of nearly all the European money markets, and warded off the bankruptcy that the war seemed to make inevitable. Now the Russian State paper is reckoned among the best in Europe. But the Minister fears that he would not succeed so well under the new system. He does not, indeed, oppose the abolition of serfdom, but he is opposed to the diminished revenues that will result from it.

The new girls' school for girls of the higher ranks, which will open on the first of May, under the management of Prof. Wuisnegradski, is also a reform of the system of female education pursued under the old government. Our large girls' schools had become a kind of corps of female cadets, divided into regiments, and by means conducted on sound educational principles. The present Empress, who is the grand protectress of these institutions, does not seem to admire the old system, and has expressed herself against the prevailing custom of sending the children to boarding schools, and thus depriving them of their domestic life, and particularly of the influence of their mothers. In the new schools the scholars may board or not, as the parents desire. The gentleman who is to superintend these institutions has made the subject his study, for which purpose he has visited Germany, where girls—as we Russians well know—are brought up in the manner best calculated to fit them for domestic duties. These new schools are a vast improvement upon the colossal